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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

The Truth About The National Government

THE "National" Government is a menace to the well-being of the country. The country voted for a Conservative Government by an overwhelming majority in order that it might repair the ravages of the preceding Socialist Government, of which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister.

The deceit of "National" was engineered by party politicians who pooled their personal interests and ladled out a Socialist and Pacifist policy.

In this "National" Government, men of outstanding British character were ostentatiously ignored. Mr. Winston Churchill, the greatest figure in Empire politics; Mr. St. John Amery, a protagonist of the Empire overseas; Lord Lloyd, a leading pro-consul, who alone has sustained British interests with a firm hand and, in consequence, was cashiered by the Socialist, Mr. J. H. Thomas — all these and others were shelved. Lord Irwin (now Halifax), the biggest failure India has ever known among her various Viceroys, was brought in due course into the Cabinet.

From the very beginning the "Key" positions were held by the enemies of Conservatism. Sir John Simon, a sentimental little Englander, who when the war started was a strong Pacifist, was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, without any other qualifications except that he was a lawyer and a peace-at-any-price man. Mr. Runciman, an avowed Free Trader, was put at the Board of Trade to negotiate Tariff Treaties with Foreign Powers.

Our foreign policy has been a tale of cowardice, hesitation, compromise with principles, mixed with interference or meddling with other nation's affairs. We have alienated Japan, a trusty ally, to the detriment of our interests in the Far East, and Sir John Simon's crowning act of folly has been to move every stone to welcome Russia into the League of Nations, although Russia's hands are red with the murder of millions, and although she has persecuted Christians, made war on Christianity, has spent large sums in organising world revolution, and has repudiated all her obligations.

The National Government has set its face determinedly to surrender India to the extremists, which will lead to insurrection, war, probably massacre, and destroy British interests and capital in a way to bring ruin on millions in India and at home. This was the policy of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and has been accepted by Mr. Baldwin.

Worst of all is the manner in which the Government has disarmed in the face of the growing menace of war throughout Europe and Asia.

Our Air Force is in a deplorable condition, we are quite unable to offer any defence, let alone counter-attack, if we were compelled to fight. Our future programme is despicable, and although Mr. Baldwin made brave speeches, they appear to be only eye-wash.

Our Squadrons are not more than a fifth of what Germany could employ to-morrow. Our machines are deficient in speed, our aerodromes and personnel far below any margin of safety. Nor have we the engineering resources to fall back upon in any emergency.

Our Navy and Army are far below the national requirements. Lord Beatty, among others, has said bluntly that the Navy could not guarantee supplies in the event of war. The Army is under-officered, under-manned, and our technical corps are far inferior to those of Great Powers on the Continent.

In other words the Government have used the national revenues to try and buy support from the proletariat, and under the excuse of a disarmament policy have left Britain at the mercy of a foreign foe.

The National Government has neither policy nor principles, and without these a nation cannot live. The existence of our country in the future depends on the destruction of this monstrosity and its replacement by a Government which places Britain's interests first and foremost.

*What a nice propaganda this magazine
is for the Capitalist stripe*

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Notes of the Week

Queen Mary

Named after the stateliest and most gracious lady in the land, "the stateliest ship now in being," to use the King's words, has been launched. Millions of people must have listened over the wireless to the ceremony on Wednesday and heard the clear tones of Her Majesty the Queen christening the ship *Queen Mary*. It is a happy choice of name, and one which cannot but give pleasure to everybody.

**

Socialists may Spring a Surprise

The immediate programme of the Government is so pitifully meagre that one might imagine that nothing whatever needed to be done. Perhaps the worst sign of all is that the Government is obviously relying on the weakness of Labour opposition instead of adopting a positive policy. It is true that Labour is divided against itself, that the gradualists and those from the Stafford Cripps stable who favour an unconstitutional dictatorship from the Left, do not see eye to eye.

But Labour's programme for the Southport Conference is at least tangible, and internal differences in the party may be healed in a way likely to disturb the placidity of a Government too timid to sail under the Conservative flag, under which a large majority elected it to sail, and too feeble to tackle the essential work before it.

**

Why is he Cheerful?

Meanwhile, we are informed that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has sent home "reassuring" accounts of his health and that his "mercurial disposition" is now at its cheerful and energetic extreme.

We trust that he will be in that mood when he presides over a meeting of the Cabinet on October 10. We like our Prime Ministers to be cheerful, but we would like also to know what this one has

to be cheerful about—beyond the admission to the League of Nations of his old friends, the Bolsheviks.

**

"Splendid Isolation"

Lord Beaverbrook, always interesting, very powerful, and very much of an enigma, has for a long time "laid low and said nuffin'," like Brer Fox, concerning Mr. Baldwin. However, the other day he launched a new offensive, in order to compel the Acting Prime Minister to adopt a policy of what he calls "Splendid Isolation," the famous phrase of Joseph Chamberlain. Lord Beaverbrook claims that Mr. Baldwin is a wobbler and always follows his party on public issues, and so he wants to push him along to lead on his "Splendid Isolation" policy, because he interprets Mr. Baldwin's muttered phrase that our frontier lies on the Rhine to mean that he wants us to fight with someone.

But why push a "leader" along who refuses to lead and always wobbles? Why not advocate a new leader? And if Lord Beaverbrook wants "Splendid Isolation," the first essential is to agitate for strong air, sea and land forces to maintain it. Otherwise it will certainly not be "splendid."

**

Mr. Baldwin's Only Asset

This Government is arranging to seek re-election in the autumn of next year, if possible. Much depends on the fate of the India White Paper proposals. It is doubtful if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will stand as the titular head of the Government, and Mr. Baldwin's personal position is far less secure than the Central Conservative Office affects to believe. At Bristol, where the Conservative Conference opens next Wednesday, Mr. Baldwin will be severely tested on two points, firstly, the question of national defence on which a strong resolution has been tabled, and secondly, on that of India. Mr. Baldwin, whatever may be said in regard to his strange ideas of what Con-

servatism should stand for, is, let us recollect, a most astute politician and can use honeyed words when it suits him. But he is not an inspiring orator. Perhaps his pipe will carry him through once more.

**

Peace or War?

Mr. Arthur Henderson, addressing his Derbyshire constituents on Monday, said that the international situation was "precariously uncertain," and that the world seething with discontent, suspicion and fear, was drifting at an increasing pace towards war. Mr. Henderson is still president of the Disarmament Conference and knows, it may be presumed, what the position is, for that is part of the job for which he draws a handsome salary. He admits that the fate of the conference hangs in the balance—which means, among other things, that his salary is also "precariously uncertain." But that by the way.

No one knows better than Mr. Henderson that the conference should have been wound up long ago, and, despite that fact, no one has done more to give a semblance of life to what was to all intents and purposes a corpse. He is well aware that Europe has rearmed. In his speech he expresses astonishment that nations failed to perceive the risk inseparable from their possessing large armaments. This is an extraordinary statement even for him, for what the nations, with the exception alas! of England, do not fail to perceive is the risk inseparable from their *not* possessing large armaments. They are not purblind fools.

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The Geneva Bear Garden

It is a mistake to assert, as some of our contemporaries did, that Poland has made the League of Nations stronger by the withdrawal of her motion respecting National Minorities in general, for the matter has been merely postponed to another time. And it should be understood that she remains firm in her determination to take her own Minorities entirely out of the hands of the League. Doubtless she will see a convincing argument for that procedure in the sharp charges and counter-charges, the unseemly wranglings and bickerings, which disfigured the discussion in committee on the question of the Hungarian Minorities in the Succession States. It seems rather a pity in the circumstances that the emollient Anthony Eden was not present.

**

Cheaper Calls—At Last

Mr. Hore-Belisha's burst of energy has now been followed up by Sir Kingsley Wood, whose scheme for 'phone calls at a shilling apiece anywhere in Great Britain after 7 p.m. calls for

nothing but praise. This will mean, of course, a vast increase in their use and more business generally. Nocturnal telephone calls are a lucrative substitute for nocturnal motor horns.

We trust Sir Kingsley will now turn his attention to reducing the telephone charges in rural areas. In many of these a call costs 4d. or 5d. over a smaller distance than the penny London call.

**

Punish the Noise-makers

Mr. Hore-Belisha's work, too, is by no means at an end. Hooting motor-cars and the deafening rattle of lorries travelling at an unnecessarily fast speed still make sleep impossible in houses on main roads throughout the country. This is causing serious loss to hotel-keepers, who are finding it difficult to let their front bedrooms. There are, indeed, cases of hotels being closed altogether and their proprietors ruined through this nuisance.

Since most of these are in built-up areas, the Minister of Transport has already done his part by providing the remedy; it remains for the police to see that his instructions are carried out. Unfortunately the rural police find the job of checking traffic which hoots and thunders its way through villages and small towns far beyond them. An increased force—and exemplary punishments—are the only methods.

**

Water Shortage Scandal

Several weeks ago we pointed out that the water shortage problem was not at an end by any means, and that little or nothing was being done about it. Despite the autumn rainfall, over 200 areas are still affected, and the Ministry of Health, via its Water Supplies Emergency Conference, has just issued a warning that consumption must still be restricted, or a "crisis" may be expected.

Beyond a few inadequate grants promised, but not yet given, to a small number of parishes under the Rural Water Supplies Act, there is still no sign of activity. That no way can be found out of the difficulty other than blindly hoping for rain and begging the public to stint themselves if it does not come is a preposterous confession of inability. Water-shortage is not, it seems, the only menace. Brain-shortage is also looming large.

**

The Tragedy of Shipping

The report of the Offices' Federation (Merchant Navy) ought to have been given full publicity in that section of the Press which calls itself "national," for it is a revealing document of the feebleness of our policy towards merchant shipping since the War. Our shipping, outside of liners,

has decreased by 50 per cent. between 1914 and 1933, and 23 per cent. of the depleted shipping is rotting in harbours because the ships cannot get cargoes. Our liners have increased in tonnage in the proportion only of one to three, as against the foreigner.

The fact is that foreign nations have realised the vast importance of a merchant marine and have subsidised their flag accordingly, whilst we have allowed foreigners to use our harbours and cut in on our carrying trade without any discrimination at all. In fact, we are pursuing a policy of free trade in shipping while our competitors have shut us out. It could all be altered by a stroke of the pen if the heart of Mr. Runciman underwent a change. He could insist that British cargoes must be carried in British bottoms preferentially to foreign-owned ships, and that inter-Imperial trade must be shipped by British owned and British manned vessels. Thereby we would lay the foundations again of our maritime supremacy.

* *

How Long, Oh Lord

So all the flourish over this year's Naval Estimates was just hot air. The First Lord waxed eloquent on his increased building programme, and an anxious country was lulled to a certain security by his words. But we ought to have known our Government. The ships for which Parliament voted the money, are not being laid down, in case they jeopardise the Naval Conference which is being held in London next year!

This decision is in striking contrast with the action of all other powers. They are building as fast as they can and they will come to the Conference prepared, if necessary, to make concessions. What then will our position be? We have nothing at all with which to bargain and once again we shall be the pacifist laughing stock of an armed and warlike Europe. For how much longer must we endure these bunglers?

* *

Hardly the Best Model

"Unified Socialism and Communism are the same thing." This time it was not Lady Houston who said that: it was M. Doumergue, the French Prime Minister, in a broadcast to the people of France on Sunday, when he disclosed his programme of constitutional reform. M. Doumergue reveals himself as an admirer of the British Constitution, and demands that the Prime Minister of France should be given the same powers as are attached to the Prime Minister of England. He evidently believes that the result would be a greater and stronger France. *Ca dépend!* We are afraid that he must have a very limited knowledge of Ramsay MacDonald or of his present deputy, Stanley Baldwin,

Such Men are Dangerous

Our Left-Wing academics still need watching. We ventured to say when the egregious Professor Laski expressed strange opinions in Moscow (and, incidentally, came home to write an article in ecstatic praise of the Soviet Air Force), that his example would be likely to be followed. We were right. A. Mr. H. D. Dickinson, an economist of Leeds University, has been delivering himself of sentiments in New Zealand which have evoked, we think justly, the censure of his own Vice-Chancellor.

A deplorable aspect of such cases is that the Professors in question, and many more of the same kidney, are in a position to instil their dangerous doctrines into young people at the most impressionable period of their lives.

* *

America's Bitter Cup

There has been great discussion in yachting circles on the treatment meted out to Mr. Sopwith by the New York Club Race Committee on the occasion of his protests against *Rainbow*. During the fourth race there is no doubt that *Rainbow* committed a foul. She should have responded to *Endeavour's* luff and by not doing so, she put *Endeavour* to a great disadvantage, possibly even making her lose the race. In making his protest, Mr. Sopwith followed the usual custom in England. He flew his flag on approaching the committee boat. But even if he did not observe the American rule, which lays down that the flag must be displayed immediately, it is brusque treatment, to say the least, to discuss the protest without consideration on that account. English yachtsmen feel sore about it.

* *

Napoleon Libelled

The autumn season of new plays has so far been most disappointing. It has been said that a "boom" in Napoleonic dramas is imminent; we have already had two of these and they have proved the most disappointing of all. One of them, the production of which at His Majesty's Theatre must have caused uneasiness to the ghost of Sir Herbert Tree, is twenty or more years old. But in both there has been the tendency to portray the great Napoleon as a snivelling, posturing nincompoop, and from this political capital has been made in certain quarters, by the suggestion that such portraits are authentic and that Napoleon Bonaparte was in reality very small beer indeed.

A characteristic piece of nonsensical impertinence. Dictator or no, England would feel vastly more secure were there a man of Napoleonic calibre in our midst to-day.

Back to Work

By Kim

THE Prime Minister is returning leisurely homeward after his three months sojourn in parts where the newspaper reporters took little interest in his movements. Never before in the history of this country has a Prime Minister lightly thrown aside the cares of office and left it to run itself, without anyone caring in the least. But then in the history of Parliaments never before have we reposed all political power in the hands of a politician who counts for nothing whatsoever at the polls and who can command only a small personal faction.

If he were a magnetic personality it might explain the strange phenomenon, but when he can go away on a private tour accompanied by no-one except his daughter, without being missed in the slightest degree, well, all that can be said is that we are a docile people.

However, on his return, we are promised changes in the Government, and it requires little discrimination to remark that if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has his way the loaves and fishes will go to the double-faced type of politician who is all for surrender, for pacifism, for turning the other cheek to the smiter, and calls himself a "National." We cannot expect that the politician who has wriggled his way from one extreme to the other as it suits the opportunity of the moment, and who has changed his coat with chameleon-like facility, will sense the growing irritation of Conservative sentiment at having to support such a titular leader.

Exit Sir John?

What changes are contemplated the political pundits have not yet revealed. Perhaps they do not know. Many Conservatives, however, would find slight difficulty in proposing certain Ministers whose room would be preferred to their company, Sir John Simon for one. The active support given by the Foreign Secretary to the intrigues whereby Russia has been jockeyed into the League of Nations, the back-stairs meetings and the secret conferences behind closed doors, have brought a sense of humiliation to millions of British breasts.

We may understand the anxiety of France, perhaps, to collect allies anywhere and everywhere in order to stave off her haunting dread of Germany's determined militarism. Hitler with his sadist tendencies has become a nightmare to every French politician and every prop she can gather, whether Russia or Poland, or Czecho-Slovakia, she eagerly grasps.

But that Britain should go meekly, hat in hand, to grasp the bloody maw of the most ghastly tyranny which has ever soiled the pages of history, is quite another matter. The nation which has conducted a secret and bitter underground war against us since the day when the sinister Lenin overthrew Czardom, and has used the dirtiest weapons and the refuse of the Ghettoes for its purpose, is of no use to us in the League of Nations.

It is very certain that when Germany, led by her firebrands, does suddenly attack on some pretext, like a bolt from the blue, Russia will fool France as she did before. Bolsheviks are men of bad faith.

It is equally certain that public opinion in this country is definitely opposed to Britain being dragged into any fresh war, which in its operation also is going to be so horrible that in comparison the late war was, one might say, little more than a picnic despite its carnage. Yet we find Sir John Simon poking his fingers into the fire of every European imbroglio with the most benevolent of intentions, but like every other fussy busybody in other people's business only making bad worse.

What is wanted is a clean and definite pronouncement. If the Locarno guarantees are regarded by the British Government as no longer operative, we should say so. The French would very rightly bring against us the same charge as we brought against Germany in the matter of "the scrap of paper." We should have lost our honour, but we should know where we stand. The only alternative would be a defensive alliance with France, but to-day it is fairly certain that if the Government attempted it, they would bring down upon their heads the doom they deserve.

Helpless and Hopeless

Our foreign policy, if there be any policy, is merely feeble indecision, and banking on the efficacy of the League of Nations, which has failed in every instance where a quarrel has come to a head. A League which could not even prevent Bolivia and Paraguay going for one another's throats, is, indeed, a bent reed.

It is not quite fair to blame Sir John Simon entirely for the abject failure of his foreign policy, although his inherent Liberal Pacifism invariably makes him about as useful in diplomacy as a missionary in the hands of hungry cannibals. He was doubtlessly acting in this question of Russia with the approval of the Prime Minister. Look to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald whenever anything untoward occurs where Russia is concerned. His record during the war and since, with these savage semi-orientals, has been the only subject on which he has been consistent.

He was determined on the recognition of their Government. He stood behind trade loans and aids to their comforts. He has allowed British investors to be duped over the Lena Goldfields matter without any retaliation. He is friendly with M. Litvinoff, alias Finkelstein, who was expelled from this country, and is the most astute and unprincipled politician in Europe, which is saying a good deal.

There is something behind Mr. MacDonald's wooing of Russia, never yet explained, based possibly on transactions before he was elevated to the post of Prime Minister of a "National" Government, maintained in office by Tory votes.

The settlement of our Foreign Policy is the first thing the Government must get down to, for it will determine the stability or otherwise in our country for the next few years. The cloud over Europe is growing ominously, as every observer knew it must ultimately, when politicians set to work to lose what our soldiers and sailors had gained.

Crowding upon our Foreign Policy follow other questions of vital importance. There is the problem of the naval treaty of Washington which has reduced our Navy to a state of comparative impotence. Even more vital is the necessity of taking immediate steps to reconstitute our Air Force, for we are daily falling farther and farther behind the Great Powers, to whom our defencelessness offers an attraction which when opportunity occurs will prove irresistible.

The First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, and the Secretary of State for Air, Lord Londonderry, are both dissatisfied with their particular services and have mildly drawn attention to the situation. In other days a Minister who realised that an important arm of the national defence was neglected would resign and draw public attention to the subject. To-day they meekly assent to a continued state of great danger.

Next to these matters stands the question of our trade. If the national defences were sound, and if our foreign policy were regulated wisely, the one other matter to assure the nation's safety and prosperity is her commerce. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald entrusted this key position into the hands of Mr. Runciman, for no other reason evidently than that he was an obstinate Free Trader and could be trusted to concede as little to the Tariff party as possible.

One way to judge his actions is to ask whether, since this Government came into office, it has taken one determined step to encourage home production. His Black Pacts are a sufficient answer to that. Farmers and producers are in despair. Foreigners have the privilege of our markets for no adequate return, and if we were unhappily involved in a war, or even if we were neutrals, our position for food stuffs would be precarious.

In the last war we did at least command the seas, but now, as Lord Beatty has said, the Navy cannot guarantee the essential convoys. British tramp steamers have *decreased* in number between 1914 and 1933 by 50 per cent., whereas foreigners have *increased* by 33 per cent. Nearly one quarter of our tramp steamer fleet is laid up because no steps have been taken by Mr. Runciman to give preference to British shipping. The subsidy of two million pounds sterling announced in July, with forbidding clauses, is a pill to cure an earthquake. The Council of the Officers' Federation estimate that to restore British shipping to a competitive basis with foreign subsidies needs twenty-one millions sterling per annum.

Such then is the position now the Cabinet have returned to business. It is not an encouraging position and by their own neglect and leanings towards Socialism, they have played into the hands of a Socialist revival of the Cripps persuasion, and that dangerous demagogue preaches confiscation.

The only way out of the chaos is to call the "National" Government strictly to account, and if the Bristol Conference will let Mr. Baldwin see that he no longer possesses the confidence of Conservatives then may we pave the way to a genuine Conservative Government, led by men with prevision.

Those War Memoirs

A Study in Megalomania

By The Saturday Reviewer

"WELL, just a peep," said the Superintendent. "I'll say you're a swell guy," the visitor replied. "It would have been sure a pity if I had to go back to my hometown without seeing him."

The American looked through the window over the garden within. "It's a swell place," he said.

"Yes, we make them pretty comfortable," said the Superintendent. "There he is. That little man with the white hair."

"That long-haired guy!" exclaimed the visitor. "Why, you don't say! What's he doing in that queer rig anyway?"

"Oh," said the Superintendent, "You see he wears the tunic of a Field-Marshal and the trousers of an Admiral."

"Well that beats everything, I'll tell the world."

"We humour him," said the Superintendent.

"What's that he has in his hand?"

"Oh, that's his trumpet. He'll play on it all day long. He used to have a Welsh harp, but he soon grew tired of that."

"Is he violent?"

"No, merely abusive."

"How long has he been this way?"

"It was always there, in the incipient stage; but it became pronounced with the publication of his Memoirs. The first volume was symptomatic, in the second it began to be apparent, and after the third we had to put him here."

"The poor mutt! Well that beats the world. I know the book well. My dame bought it from a drummer when I was at the office. We have it set in our parlour between Mark Twain and the

Bible. That's why I came here to see the guy that wrote it."

"Indeed," said the Superintendent, "and what did you admire in the book."

"Well, I liked the way he got across our President Wilson after the swell things he used to say about him. But what I like most is what you'll find on pages 1,711 and 1,714, that 'America had no tradition of foreign lending' and that she was 'ignorant of war finance.' We thought that real cute. After the way we found you the dough and the smart way you paid us."

The Superintendent blushed.

"Oh, we're not sore about it! But after so much molasses we could have done without all that vinegar."

"Pathological," said the Superintendent apologetically.

"We call it double-crossing in the States," said the visitor. "So I came to see what you think of him over here."

"Well you see," said the Superintendent. "The fact is I have studied that book too, from a professional point of view, and find it extraordinarily interesting. In parts it is so well written that some of us think he could not have written it himself."

"I guess nobody else could," said the American.

Wizardry

"That's the answer," continued the Superintendent. "It is clever to the point of cunning. There are, for example, two men of whose reputation he was jealous, Haig and Jellicoe. He worked against the First Sea Lord till he got him out of the Admiralty, which would have looked bad, so he puts it on to Haig. Yes, actually!"

The Superintendent took the 3rd volume of his patient's War Memoirs down from the shelf, and turned over the pages. "Here it is," he said, "on page 1,176:

A conversation I had with Sir Douglas Haig in the early summer of 1917 finally decided me. . . . He was apprehensive that the war might be lost at sea before he had the opportunity of winning it on land. He had great admiration for Jellicoe's knowledge as a technical sailor, but he thought him much too rigid, narrow and conservative in his ideas. As to Sir Edward Carson, I am afraid Sir Douglas Haig had no opinion of his qualities as an Administrator. He thought he was distinctly out of place at the Admiralty. He strongly urged upon me the appointment of Sir Eric Geddes to that post. . . ."

"Do you believe that tale?" the American asked.

"Of course not! But you see the cunning: Haig is dead, so he cannot deny the story, which is well calculated to divide the supporters of Haig from the supporters of Jellicoe and set them fighting one another. And the little Welshman slips out between them. He would have made a wonderful three-quarters."

"Three-quarters what?" asked the American.

"You don't know Rugby football," the Superintendent replied.

"I know poker and I know faro," the American retorted, "and I don't know if I'd play with him at either."

"Yet he cleaned out his own pockets," said the Superintendent. "He has no credit left over here! See how he begins his third volume. There is hardly one of his old friends and colleagues in the Liberal Party, whose eye he does not blacken. Why? Because they refused to serve with him. Here is what he says about Viscount Grey (on p. 1074): 'I cannot think of any suggestion of his that contributed in the least to the effective prosecution of the war.' Then he brings in Lord Kitchener to give a last flick to Mr. Runciman (just as he brought in Haig as a witness against Jellicoe).

"Of Herbert Samuel he says: 'He gradually sank out of sight altogether as a man who attended to odd jobs of a minor, but serviceable character.' It is very amusing: I like it: but it does not say much for the man who had worked with these fellows for ten years.

"If he allows anything to anyone it is to his own pups—and then only to show his cleverness in choosing them. But it is his treatment of the soldiers and the sailors and the Civil Servants that did him most harm. If he praises a French General, like Nivelle, it is only to quote him against Haig. For every victory he praised himself; for every defeat he blames somebody else.

"He is not merely the greatest strategist, but the only strategist in the war. He is ready to teach Haig how to fight on land and Jellicoe how to fight at sea. He is, besides, the greatest organiser since Moses, and the greatest financier. . . ."

"I'll allow that," interrupted the American.

" . . . since Gresham."

Here the Superintendent was again interrupted; but this time from the garden. Through the open window came a tootling sound.

"What the hell's that?" said the American.

"Oh, that!" said the Superintendent. "We're used to that. He's blowing his own trumpet again."

People who are patriots, who would like something more than the "hush-hush" news of most of the daily papers, and want to know and hear the truth, should buy

"The Patriot"

"The National Review"

and

their humble servant

"The Saturday Review"

THE EMPTY CHAIR

(A full meeting of the Cabinet was held on Tuesday last, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Acting Prime Minister, presiding).

The summer's gone; the skies are wet :
 Who cares? The Cabinet has met,
 And you'd be thrilled, beyond a doubt,
 If you knew what they talked about.
 But he's an artful chap who gets
 Wind of what's said in Cabinets,
 And if I had been I'd not dare
 To let you know that I was there,
 Lest off to jail I should be packed
 Under the Official Secrets Act.
 But what it does not know the Press
 May without fear attempt to guess,
 And you may safely take my word
 (Roughly, of course) for what occurred.
 The thing began, as you're aware,
 With Sticktight Stanley in the chair.
 "Simon," says he, "Come tell us quick,
 Since you and Barthou are so thick,
 Was it at France's sole request
 You hugged the Bolshies to your breast,
 Or is there someone else, perchance,
 Who, ring in nose, is wont to dance
 When Moscow pipes (I name no names),
 And smiles on Moscow's dirty games?"
 To that Sir John made no reply,
 But fixed the ceiling with his eye.
 "It might be better, on the whole,"
 Said he, "if we discussed the Pole."
 "That treat" said Stan, "can be deferred.
 Brother Belisha wants a word.
 Come, Leslie, tell us what it means;
 The Press has given your beacons beans,
 The R.A.C., or so I've heard,
 Have given your latest stunt the bird."
 Said Leslie "'Twas but my desire
 To be the livest sort of wire,
 To get things done and make a stir."
 "That," replied Stan, "is where you err.
 If a Prime Minister you'd be,
 Learn to do nothing, just like me.
 Enough! It's time we had a very
 Brief word from dear Lord Londonderry,
 Who hither flew from Belfast town;
 It seems the Air Force let him down,
 Which rather looks like tit for tat,
 But who are we to harp on that?
 But come, the time is getting short.
 What about India? No Report
 From that Committee? Poor old Sam!
 It looks as if you'll have to cram
 Your White Flag Paper up the flue;
 It's quite the best thing you can do."
 So on they talked, the band of brothers,
 Each with an eye upon the others,
 Till someone said "Let's cease this chatter,
 And talk of things that really matter,
 When's poor old Ramsay moving on,
 And who'll be what when he is gone?"

What Stan replied I have not learned;
 Maybe the meeting was adjourned.

HAMADRYAD.

India's Railways

Amazing Blunder

By Hamish Blair

(*The Man on the Spot*)

I WONDER how many people in England realise that the Indianisation of the railways—in which untold millions of British capital are invested—is being carried out at a pace which in a very few years will result in seventy-five per cent. of the posts in these utilities being transferred to purely Indian hands. The Government might just as well make the proportion one hundred per cent. while it is about it.

I confess I hadn't fully realised the extent of this mischief; but in conversation the other day with a railway official, he handed me the above information as an excuse for declining to interest himself in the candidature of a young British engineer for whom I had interceded.

"Not a hope," he said. "There won't be any vacancy for the next five years, and when there is we have to fill up with Indians. The policy of the Government is to staff the railways up to 75 per cent. with Indians."

This policy is surely one of the maddest aspects of a mad process. All the railways in India are military railways. Where there is second class rolling stock, every coach is fitted with racks for rifles. Where there are no second class carriages, the third class are similarly equipped. A necessary arrangement in a country where at any point along its five thousand miles of length or breadth the Army may be called in at any moment to keep the peace. A still more necessary arrangement should there be a serious revolt, or should we be threatened on any one of our wide-flung frontiers.

Potential Enemies

It is now the deliberate policy of our wonderful Government to man this essential utility with seventy-five per cent. of Indians. This means that in the event of a mutiny or the outbreak of war, our main transport system will be almost entirely in the hands of potential, if not probable enemies. I don't think that at the moment the Indian railway hand is specially disaffected. So long as he feels that the British are on top he is loyal enough. But should he ever have occasion to doubt the stability of our rule, he wouldn't have the smallest compunction about helping to overturn it.

You may take it as a fact that the seditionists are fully alive to this situation. Nothing is being left undone to get hold of the railway subordinates. If, at a crisis, any are found to be staunch, methods of terrorism will come into play; methods to which the Indian is peculiarly susceptible. Why has Lord Willingdon abandoned the railway as a means of getting about India? Because attempts upon the lives of high officials travelling on the railway have become so constant a menace that it has become impossible to ensure the Viceroy's safety.

Think of the appalling danger of a railway strike should our North-West frontier be seriously threatened. It would be impossible to reinforce our magnificent frontier army. Sabotage might take terrible toll of our troops, even if they were permitted to move. Let me repeat that, largely owing to our own weakness and folly, few Indians apart from the peasant cultivators are really friendly to us. The others are at best indifferent, or, when they are educated, hostile. And the moment we were seen to be in trouble, indifference, fanned by the sleepless malignity of our highly educated and cultured enemies, would change like lightning into hostility.

Yet the Government, blind and deaf to reason and experience, is stolidly delivering itself and its soldiers into hands which will assuredly be turned against them on the first opportunity.

But the Indianisation of the railways is not only folly carried to the point of insanity. It is meanness and ingratitude of the kind in which the Government of India seems to specialise. In order to make room for its Indian protégés, it has heaved out its Anglo-Indian employees by the hundred.

Loyalists Turned Out

Now the Anglo-Indian—or Eurasian, to give him his designation of twenty years ago—was formerly the backbone of the railways. He was of mixed blood, but he clung proudly to his British heritage; he was utterly loyal to the British tradition. He fought for Britain during the Mutiny. He has been staunch to Britain ever since. More than once his cheerful loyalty has aborted a railway strike fomented by political agitators and aimed at British authority. In war time he was ready to work or fight, whichever duty was required of him. In peace the railway volunteers, manned principally by Anglo-Indians, were a valuable buttress of law and order.

Yet this splendid asset, a humble but instinctively loyal community, is being steadily weeded out from the railways to make room for men whose loyalty is at the best problematical, and whose instincts lean steadily in the opposite direction. According to Sir Henry Gidney, there are twenty thousand Anglo-Indians who are unemployed to-day. That represents an enormous proportion of this small community. The condition of these people is pitiable. For reasons which there is not space here to discuss, they have always been the Cinderella among Indian communities, and have been unjustly handicapped in the matter of education and social recognition.

But, as Sir Henry Gidney and others have pointed out, they are a British responsibility. They have British as well as Indian Blood. If

blood is thicker than water—it certainly is among Indians, where patronage is concerned—why should those who are half or even a quarter British be worse treated by a British Government than those who are unrelated to us by any ties of blood?

But the Government of India is not content with downing these unhappy people. It mocks them into the bargain. A few years ago they held an overwhelming percentage of posts on the railway. By a process of ruthless weeding out their numbers have now been reduced to eight per cent. The Government, with its tongue in its cheek, issued an order the other day which declared that, as their present share of railway posts was so small, "to safeguard their position eight per cent. of all vacancies to be filled by direct recruitment will be reserved for members of this community."

On the other hand, twenty-five per cent. are to be reserved for Mahomedans; people whose loyalty to Britain is strictly conditional, to put it very mildly.

Of course, if the Government of India was going to be the only sufferer from the inevitable catastrophe one could look on with indifference, or a "serve it right!" But what of the thousands of people who will pay for its follies and its meannesses with their lives? What of the thousands of millions of British capital which are threatened with destruction? What, last and perhaps least, of the thousands of British born who have settled in India and entrusted not merely their fortunes but their lives to the protection of the flag? Are their countrymen at home prepared to throw them over?

India, September 16, 1934.

Buying a Ticket in Moscow

By a Special Correspondent

TRAVEL in Soviet Russia to-day is a series of protracted headaches. I found it necessary to go from Leningrad to Rostov on the Don River, a distance of about one thousand miles, so I know.

It is not possible to purchase a through ticket, but one must purchase a ticket from Leningrad to Moscow, and in Moscow purchase a ticket to Kharhov and again in Kharhov purchase a ticket to Rostov. And purchasing a ticket in Russia is not to be dismissed as a small matter. Firstly, one must have a ticket to get into the railway station and this ticket can only be purchased in the station!

Start Early

It is a good plan to start early in the morning by going to the ticket wicket in the railway station. This window will usually be closed, but by persistent knocking the ticket-seller can sometimes be persuaded to open the window half-an-inch and inquire what is wanted. Any direct inquiry about a ticket will cause the window to be shut with such force as to dispel any further ideas about getting a ticket there.

By showing a British (Automobile) Driving Licence quickly when the ticket-seller answered my summons I was able to prolong the conversation and eventually lead up to the matter of transportation to Moscow. The whiskered gentleman behind the wicket informed me that he had no tickets to Moscow. Thereupon I informed him that if he would read my Driving Licence very carefully he would see that I was no ordinary individual and that I was to have a ticket to Moscow even when there were no tickets. After considerable discussion we compromised. He told me to return at three p.m.

I returned one hour earlier than my friend had stated and caught him just as he was going off duty for the day. He introduced me to his colleague and we immediately entered into a lengthy argument as to the respective merits of

going to Moscow against staying in Leningrad. This consumed three quarters of an hour with my opponent many points ahead. He finally advised me to return at half-past six, and since the train did not leave until nine o'clock, I agreed to this.

The six-thirty séance was an open discussion that half a dozen peasants, the ticket-seller and myself held for one hour and ten minutes flat, the point of contention being, how I should travel, International Car, Soft-Car or Hard-Car; incidentally the last is all that the name implies. Inasmuch as it takes an order from Stalin to get any kind of a ticket except Hard-Car, we decided that I should travel Hard-Car. Having settled this point, I laid forty roubles on the counter for the ticket. Ah—but he had no tickets to Moscow. No tickets at all? No—well, what were we arguing about then if there are no tickets? Well, you see he had ordered tickets from his superior, several days ago, but they had not been received yet.

A Ticket at Last

I suggested that he take a ticket to some other city, scratch out the name of that city and write in the name of Moscow with my fountain pen. This opened a new channel of thought that was argued with all the persistence and determination that characterised the Thirty Years War. There seems to be a bond of affinity between persons who contemplate the purchase of railway tickets in U.S.S.R. At least half a dozen persons who were standing in line for tickets, sided with me against the ticket-seller and by sheer force of number, we finally prevailed upon him to part with a ticket.

Obtaining a ticket in Moscow was a slight variation from the experience in Leningrad, except that after being told that there was no International Car on the train and obtaining a Soft-Car ticket, I found that there was an International Car on the train and that in a car designed to carry forty persons, only three tickets had been sold. Probably a hundred persons had applied for tickets on this car,

Wake Up, Baldwin!

By Robert Machray

NOTHING bothers Mr. Baldwin. If he is regarded on the Continent as rather a joke, and a poor one at that, he appears to be and probably is unconscious of that irreverent and somewhat derisory estimate. In any case it would scarcely ruffle his colossal complacency. During his holiday at Aix-les-Bains he was at pains, as usual, to avoid meeting anyone or discussing anything connected with foreign affairs. Home again, untroubled and serene he pursues the even tenor of his way, whether promenading the Embankment as on Sunday last or presiding over the Cabinet as on Tuesday. The autumn session of Parliament does not begin until the end of October—indeed, why bother?

To judge from Mr. Baldwin's monumental calm, it might be thought that we were living in the best of all worlds, with not a single care, anxiety or fear to fret, vex or afflict our souls. Yet the truth is altogether otherwise. Europe has been and is passing through a period of intense uncertainty and danger, the end of which is as far from being in sight as ever it was. Mr. Baldwin may be blind to it, but others are not. The grim reality of the situation was at once indicated and underlined when Signor Mussolini, that clear-eyed man, decreed last week that the whole youth of Italy was to be militarised from its early boyhood. And he does not mean it merely to "play at soldiers," either.

A Grim Analogy

It is no use shouting "Alarmist," "Sensationalist," and so forth. Nor is it helpful in the least for men of the Baldwin type to cry, "No panic, please!" and then do nothing. Something analogous to what not only might, but must happen to us here in London, if we go on minimising the perils of the time and making insufficient preparation to escape them or ward them off, may be seen with painful distinctness in the terrible story of the catastrophe at the Gresford Colliery which has shocked, distressed and saddened us all.

Asphyxiating gas, rending explosions, sweeping fires and hideous death! The analogy is close enough to suggest the fate of the world's greatest city under a bombing attack from the air, and perhaps may bring home to some people what perfectly horrible possibilities there are in the next, the inevitable war.

No well-informed person on the Continent regards the situation there without feeling increasing dismay and the liveliest apprehension. The failure of the Disarmament Conference is now admitted by not a few of its keenest advocates. Armament, not disarmament, is the order of the day, the fact being that the "mad race" which our pacifists incessantly but unprofitably deplore began more than a year ago, and even much farther back. Germany was rearming before Hitler came to power; he has accelerated and cer-

tainly gone some way in completing the process.

If, as I believe, the storm centre has moved from the East of the Continent, it has done so only to settle in its middle, the volcanic or electric danger zones being, first, Austria, where "anything may happen at any moment" and second, the Saar, where serious trouble is hardly to be avoided before, or even when, some settlement has been arranged. Besides, storm clouds still hang darkly over the Far East, and show no signs of clearing off, despite occasional gleams of light. War may be nearer there than anywhere else, but if it breaks out it is not likely to be confined to that area.

It is only too evident, then, that we are not living in a pacific and still less in a pacifist's world. It is vain to look to the League of Nations, though our weak and foolish Government continues to cling to it. The inclusion of the Soviet can only add to the general incompetence and inconsequence of the "Geneva Institution," because the *volte face* in Stalin's policy is actuated by expediency, not by a change of heart. He can quickly swing round again.

Russia's Programme

In an article headed "Hypocrisy of the League," which was published in the last issue of the *Saturday Review*, I referred to the world Congress of the Third International scheduled to be held at Moscow before the end of this year. The date has been shifted to the beginning of next year, the explanation given being that as the Soviet is now safely in the League, the congress can meet and the Third International go on with its programme—which covers the fomenting of risings and revolutions in India and elsewhere in the British Empire, not to mention other countries. Nice, isn't it? Well, that's Soviet Russia and that's the League!

All these things being so, what are the Government and Mr. Baldwin as Acting Prime Minister doing? They helped the Soviet to join the League, and thereby proclaimed their utter lack not only of vision, but of plain political integrity. Mr. Eden's smooth words at Geneva butter no parsnips. Yet it is the case that Mr. Baldwin some months ago did actually, however timidly and hesitantly, make some approach to understanding and dealing with the dangers to England, implicit and sufficiently explicit in the general situation, by proposing in Parliament certain increases in our Air Force.

No one can have forgotten either the total inadequacy of his proposals or the feebleness of the speech in which he made them. Parliament, however, gave its sanction in July to the increase of the Air Force, such as it was. It was hoped that a start would be made at once. The report, now going the round of the Press, to the effect that no steps whatever have yet been taken in this supremely vital matter would appear incredible were Mr. Baldwin other than the man he is.

British Ships are Safest

Wooden Walls—or Steel ?

By Major H. Reade

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S statement that he intended introducing legislation "calling for the elimination of wood construction on all passenger vessels built in American shipyards from now on" because of the *Morro Castle* disaster, appears to be an impulsive judgment condemning the use of any wood in any ships. It seems to cast the entire blame for the disaster on such wood as was to be found in the construction and fittings of the ill-fated vessel.

To the British people whose "wooden walls" have for centuries been the hall-mark of their nations' greatness, such an indictment should make no appeal. Their first impulse—and a right one—would be to affirm that given similar conditions to those which started the fire in either the *Morro Castle* or the French ship *Georges Philppar*, the situation would have been handled very differently by a British crew. The provision of adequate fire-fighting appliances and a system of the strictest fire-drill, which is insisted upon by the British Board of Trade, would have in all probability met the two situations, just as these safeguards are the true explanation of the extreme rarity of fire disasters to British ships at sea.

Lest it might be thought that here in Great Britain—the home of shipbuilding—this declaration of the American President may cause a panic among shipbuilders and a hostility to their present shipbuilding methods, the defence of the proper use of wood in ships at sea should be consequently undertaken.

The Best Architects

No one can deny the fact that British naval architects are the best. The world, if honest, would say that they have stood and still stand, unrivalled, and that none are more competent to decide what is and what is not the best medium for ship construction and fittings.

After an experimental period in which the Royal Navy endeavoured to banish all woodwork in warships, the invention of a process to give wood fire-resisting qualities convinced our Naval architects to such an extent that large quantities of fire-proof timber have been, and are being used in our vessels to-day. And the right use of this wood has materially reduced the cost of ships, as well as lessened their weight and given them other marked advantages.

For one thing, fire-resisting wood is claimed to be safer than steel, for the former is a non-conductor and wood, especially hard-wood, will char but will not burn easily. When steel becomes very hot, it actually conveys fire from one place to another and most certainly assists the fusing of electrical equipment.

"Scrap all wood," says President Roosevelt, but when he said it, he possibly had in mind the

fact that the U.S.A. to-day has to buy nearly all its wood from Canada and other countries. The once great forests of the States, especially in the North and North West, were a potential timber supply of great value. The profligate use made of this valuable commodity in the last fifty years of the nineteenth century has compelled American lumbermen to go over to Canada, where there are vast quantities of soft wood and hard-woods, carefully conserved.

Great areas of forest lands were burnt out in the U.S.A. for no reason and never re-afforested. In Northern Michigan forest lands owned by a former Minister of War in one of the American Administrations, sixty years ago, were burnt out simply because the owner, having amassed a fortune from timber, desired that no one should do the same thing when he was dead. And to-day in consequence the Michigan lumbermen are to be found in Ontario and Quebec.

Safety First, But . . .

Presumably President Roosevelt thought that the use of steel and steel only in ships would be a good boost for the U.S.A. steel companies.

The President is right in his desire that every American ship is to be so constructed as to give at all time the greatest element of safety, but wood must not be blamed if there are defective cables and inflammable paint and a minimum of fire-fighting appliances and a neglect of fire drill. Our Naval experts tell us that the main cause of the destruction of the Russian Fleet at the Battle of Tsushima was the inflammability of the paint the Russians used, more so than the destructive work of the Japanese shells.

There are very many people of knowledge and culture who prefer a timber house to a stone one, and who believe that these houses give decreased fire risks and are more permanent and lasting than other edifices. And there are many sailors who believe—and rightly—that the life of a wooden ship is greater than a steel one.

Since the introduction of fire-resisting wood, the plea for a wholly steel ship seems, therefore, superfluous. But all precautions should be taken. A recent demonstration of the value of asbestos curtains for example, proved that although fire may be sweeping down a ship's corridor, fanned by a draught, the lowering of asbestos curtains at once restricted its area and prevented the flames from spreading down the corridors.

There is a large timber trade in which our Dominions are greatly interested; there is still, happily, the oak tree of our islands, proved and tested as no wood has ever been in ships at sea. It would be folly following the *Morro Castle* disaster to suggest that no longer shall wood be used in our decks and bulkheads and other fittings.

The Legion's Great Betrayal

By a Special Correspondent

THE silence of the Mandarins of the British Legion remains unbroken. They will not—or cannot—make any reply to the growing indictment. Their only defence, repeated *ad nauseam*, appears to be that the work of the Legion speaks for itself and that the lot of ex-service men in this country is so happy that no pressure—or as they prefer to call it “agitation”—is required to better it. They purr with pleasure and preen themselves on their negation of action. They pat each other's backs and congratulate themselves interminably. They tell the public at every “Parade” and “Rally”—in which they take such delight—for how much the ex-service man has to be grateful and how foolish he would be to ask the Government for more.

Very well. Let us take them on their own ground. Turn if you will to the current issue of their usually so heavily censored Journal and read what Seton Graham has to say. In the course of his very striking article—which is published with no Editorial reservations—this gifted soldier and author draws in burning phrases a graphic and truthful picture of the plight of so many ex-service men to-day:

No Longer Heroes

The Home for Heroes has become a drab tenement. The men who suffered did not return to honourable employment and to the security of home life. Some received a pittance of a pension, while the majority roamed the streets looking for work. . . . they had no right to demand a voice in the Government of Empire, none to employment, none to sustenance and opportunity for their children, none to demand the fulfilment of promises. Men whose nervous system had been weakened by exposure and fire were further weakened by starvation until they were certified as insane. Men as vagrants have been locked in police cells; others eke out an existence as pedlars, begging from door to door or by blowing battered trumpets in the streets. . . . In the market place spiritual values are at a discount and no one “cares a damn” about the men who fought in the war—they are left to stand in the gutters, touching their caps for pennies while the throng passes by.

What more damning indictment could be framed of the result of thirteen years of Legion effort—so proudly boasted by Sir Frederick Maurice? What greater justification can there be for the demand for vigorous action and an “aggressive Policy”?

Perhaps he will say the indictment lacks detail. We will be more specific; examples are unfortunately only too numerous. This week there marched down Fleet Street to Australia House a procession of men rendered destitute by their betrayal by both the British and Australian Governments. They were representatives of ex-service settlers sent out to Victoria under official auspices ruined, repatriated, repudiated, and some details of their sad case were given in this paper's correspondence columns last week.

Before the Whitsun Conference they were refused—by a paid official—an interview at Haig

House. At the conference the rank and file unanimously demanded that their case should be supported to the utmost. The usual futile Deputation of Brass Hats was appointed to wait on the Dominion's Secretary. They waited all night—but in vain. “General Jimmy” refused to commit himself. A settler who was present states that Gen. Maurice who introduced the deputation *did not even call upon the settlers to state their case and that he put up no adequate fight on their behalf.* What matter? Haig House had made its gesture—with its tongue in its cheek. Apparently it has since done nothing—nor is it likely to, unless forced by the Branches. At all events, it has been necessary for the settlers to form their own Association to fight their own lone battle.

Not a single Legion representative accompanied their demonstration. Is it likely that such a lofty personage as Sir Frederick—or even any of his fellow Mandarins would have taken part in so undignified and “aggressive” a proceeding. Perish the thought!

Shame on the Legion and shame on its leaders that it did not turn out the London branches in their thousands to support these unfortunates. Their demands are temperate; they ask for a judicial inquiry. But the Government gives no indication of any help. The thousands of pounds presented by Mr. MacDonald to Russia for the Codex Siniaticus in the interests of a few antiquarians would have gone far to rehabilitate their fortunes. What irony! This much boosted Legion utters no protest whilst the Government pours out money to our avowed enemies and refuses to give redress to ex-service men who, according to the verdict of a Judicial Tribunal, have been ruined by gross misrepresentation. The Legion has it in its power to create such an outcry in every constituency that M.P.'s would be forced to act. The instructions for supporting these men as given at Weston were definite. The Mandarins as usual are deliberately ignoring those orders.

Hypocrisy and Humbug

It is difficult to use temperate language in the face of such cant, hypocrisy and humbug. No wonder the vast majority of ex-soldiers shun the Legion. For what, in the name of common sense, does the Legion exist, except to right wrongs? How long will the rank and file tolerate such leaders who flout their directions and prostitute the ex-service cause for the sake of political expediency?

And be it noted that while the Legion cannot spare the money adequately to provide for these men until the Government shall be forced to act—for forced they will be by public opinion—I understand a delegation has been sent junketing across to Australia to assist in the Centenary celebrations of a Government which is jointly

responsible with our own for such outrageous treatment of ex-service men.

Space will not permit me to deal with all my correspondents, but one case reported by members of the Dunstable branch demands notice. There are in this town some Homes provided by public subscription and administered by the Legion for disabled ex-Service men. Occupying one of them is Mr. A. Crawford—a badly wounded man who served in 1914. According to a press report, a Mr. Gutteridge appeared before the local Bench on behalf of the Legion and obtained an ejectment order against him. He is to be evicted in a few days. Mr. Gutteridge stated he could give no reason for the Legion's action but admitted that rent had been regularly paid. Mr. Crawford stated in Court—nor was it contradicted—that the Homes were not being used for the

purpose for which they were provided. He further alleges that one of the officials connected with the administration of the Homes had been a conscientious objector. In the absence of explanation from Haig House, the action appears monstrous, and further facts disclosed in letters from other residents in the Homes show that a full inquiry is required into their administration.

From Yorkshire comes a complaint as to the expenditure of Relief Funds. My correspondent—a soldier with a distinguished record—states that Legion money is distributed as Christmas boxes to couples not actually in want and that the amount so expended was twice as much as that distributed during the whole year to poverty-stricken ex-Service men. If Legion H.Q. are sufficiently interested, they can have further details from me.

Eve in Paris

PEOPLE are returning to Paris which will, as usual, be crowded for the automobile show in the Grand Palais. At this season there is always a large influx of Egyptian and Colonial visitors en route homewards, having escaped hot Summers in the cooler French sea or mountain resorts.

Royal suites at the Crillon will soon be occupied; the King and Queen of Yugo Slavia arriving early in October, King Carol of Roumania, towards the end of the month. The King of the Belgian's visit is also expected.

The Theatre de l'Avenue, beautifully remodelled, luxuriously appointed opened on Thursday with a gala performance of "Blossom Time," assembling a brilliant audience. The Ambassador of Brazil, the Ministers of Canada, and of the Free State, the First and Second Secretaries of the British Embassy represented the Diplomatic Corps; Van Dongen represented Art; M. Bailby, journalism; Tristan Bernard and Maurise Rostang, literature. The women present were mostly young and lovely, or, exquisitely gowned and cleverly made-up, appeared so.

A change has been noticed in Monsieur Doumergue since his arrival in Paris; he has lost his Olympian serenity, appears more energetic and abrupt.

When M. Queuille came to discuss the agricultural situation the President said quickly, "Are you going to tell me all is for the best, and everyone contented? I know the condition of the peasants."

Farming is a sorry plight. In some districts picturesque processions of ox-drawn carts may be seen bearing golden grain and showing the notice "No Money, we pay in Kind" proceeding to a distracted tax-collector's office, and distress prevails in wine-growing districts, for grapes, superabundant, sell at unremunerative prices. M. Germain Martin, Ministre des Finances, was much alarmed by M. Sarraud's proposal that the Government should purchase wheat reserves. "But there is a glut of wine, of cider, of fruit and what of the accumulated industrial products that find no market? Must we help everyone, and ruin the country?" he cried.

To get rid of unpopular Ministers like Chéron, conciliate conflicting interests, keep peace between fiercely antagonistic political parties and restore prosperity—these things are expected of Gaston Doumergue, a formidable task which only a brave man would undertake.

Much excitement has been caused, recently, among habitual racegoers, by a quiet-looking elderly gentleman, who risks, and generally wins, large sums. The fashionable world knew him not (but would gladly make his acquaintance, hoping for useful tips). Rumour described him as a Dutch banker, as representing a German syndicate of book-makers, as a Jew millionaire, as an Italian Prince. He turns out to be simply Monsieur Dubois, born and bred in Paris, who 30 years ago inherited a large fortune, made in textiles.

"I am amused at the interest I now attract," he said. "For forty years I have attended races. Backing horses is my hobby. Now I have augmented by stakes and am confident of winning a hundred million francs on this year's racing."

Will fickle Fortune continue favourable? Parisians recall the legendary "Père la Cerise," once a famous figure of the Turf, short and shabby, who won millions, people following his inspirations blindly. He disappeared into the strange Parisian depths, leaving no trace, when luck turned.

Apropos of those who vanish from their world, old playgoers remember a talented young actor, who toured America with Sarah Bernhardt, Italy with Réjane, and played with the Guitrys, Yvonne Printemps, and Gaby Morley. At the height of his success, Roger Puylagarde left the stage, and disappeared. A friend, the other day roaming about the "Marché des Puces" at St. Ouen (a French "Caledonian Market,") recognised to his amazement, the former "Jeune Premier" selling wares.

"What are you doing here!" he cried.

"Earning my bread honestly, in peace. I am quite happy. Return to the stage? Never! My brother at the Comédie-Française, tried to persuade me; but, no!" And after bargaining with an old woman, Puylagarde pocketed five francs, and smiled.

The Strong Man Armed

By Col. Sir Thomas A. Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

HAD Signor Mussolini promulgated his new law but six short years ago, and had he then made every male Italian from eight to fifty-five a soldier, what a howl of horror would have greeted him from the newspapers and the prospering pacifists of this country! Now, however, our Press is on the whole but slightly pained; in the words of the *Daily Telegraph*, "There are those who frown upon the word patriotism because they say it leads to militarism. But they will be much more sorely troubled to find militarism thus exalted as if it were the only flower of patriotism." A note of reproof may be there, but hardly of horrified and scandalised indignation.

Perhaps rather strongly self-conscious of their considerable change of attitude, certain persons have put forward reasons for the diminution of their pacifist spirit, and a hot favourite among those reasons is the rise of Hitler and the re-emergence of a militarist Germany. What they, blind even in their reformation, so amusingly fail to see is that their very explanations of their change of front condemn them, for these explanations reveal a lack of knowledge of the political history of Europe as remarkable, even, as their lack of knowledge of mankind.

Militarism or Collapse

When the war ended, it did not need an advanced student of history and diplomacy, or a profound inquirer into the psychology of nations, to prognosticate that two possible fates alone awaited Italy and Germany—militarism or collapse. When England, France and Spain arose in the sixteenth century as united nations, they were, each and everyone, full of that swashbuckling spirit of adolescent nationalism which is a large part of the meaning of the word militarism. *Italy and Germany did not achieve union as nations until the last half of the nineteenth century*, and they are now going through that inevitable stage of development which we left behind some centuries ago. In other words, equality among nations no more exists than does equality among men—a bedrock fact which reduces the mere idea of an equalitarian League of Nations to a farce.

In 1921 it was my lot to point out and to elaborate this theme in the House of Commons. A league of nations can only be successfully accomplished, I said then, if one can bring about a unification of the psychology of mankind, and the *Evening Standard* devoted a leading article to applauding the League and professing complete mystification at my phraseology. Once again, we note how different is the attitude of the Press and of the public to-day.

But perhaps the most tell-tale incident is that of a chapel poster. On a notice board in London, from which the anti-national pronouncements of the League of Nations Union have stared for some years, there has very recently appeared the usual

blue poster of the Union, encircling a map of the world, but this is flanked on either side by a poster of deeper blue, surrounding a small Union Jack and the immortal words, **FOR KING AND COUNTRY.**

That the very League of Nations Union must now appeal to the patriotic spirit of Englishmen illustrates beyond question the wide veering of the wind, and the point that concerns us so closely is the real reason for this change. Is Mussolini's new law but an exaggeration of a fundamental law of mankind, and shall we find the explanation of the spiritual malaise which developed after the war, and still lingers dangerously about us, in our neglect of the essential idea behind Italy's new stand?

A Defect to be Remedied

It is undeniable that a greater part of our post-war difficulties must be attributed to the killing off of the best element in at least one generation of the masculine population of Great Britain. Our Julian Grenfells and our private soldiers volunteered and died, and we were left with our "clever" young men, our Prime Minister and our new Peers. This, indeed, is the grave defect of the lack of a conscript system, a defect which, viewed from the standpoint of the nation instead of that of the individual vastly outweighs its every advantage.

It is not that one would for one moment propose the universal conscription of the manhood of Great Britain, but that one would seek to emphasise the great swing of the pendulum of public opinion which is now taking place (practically unnoticed), so that right advantage shall be wrested from it.

It is high time that those of us who know how great a part military training can play in the making of a true man should insist that our O.T.C's and our Territorials should be as actively assisted as they have been, and are being, actively hindered, and that our Fighting Forces should be restored to strength and to prestige. And it is equally imperative that England, an old, tried, and most powerful nation, should drop this socialistic nonsense of equalitarianism, whether among countries or among persons, and should dictate, when necessary, both to nations and to men. For the power of preventing war rests in the hands of a purposeful England, and when a strong man armed keepeth his house his goods are in peace.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the *Saturday Review* from their newsagents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, *Saturday Review*, 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

The Hero of the Revenge

By Clive Rattigan

*And the sun went down and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and
the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle
thunder and flame:
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with
her dead and her shame,
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before?*

TENNYSON'S account of the *Revenge's* lone battle with the Spanish Fleet off Flores in the Azores, in the year 1591, follows fairly closely the story as told by Sir Richard Grenville's cousin and friend, Sir Walter Raleigh.

About the main details of one of the most glorious incidents in England's sea history, there is no dispute. An English squadron, consisting of six Queen's ships, privateers and victuallers—some 16 all told—had set out for the Azores to intercept the homeward-bound treasure fleet of Spain. Lord Thomas Howard was in command, with Sir Richard as Vice-Admiral or second-in-command, aboard the *Revenge*.

Sickness among English Crews

While the English were waiting for the treasure fleet to appear, sickness broke out among the crews, quite half of whom were down with fever or scurvy and had been put on shore.

The hale part of the crews were busy watering when a pinnace, despatched by the Earl of Cumberland from the coast of Portugal, arrived with news of the near approach of a very strong squadron of Spanish ships, some fifty-three altogether and about twenty of them ships of war.

Feeling that in the then condition of his crews he was no match for such a strong force, Howard gave orders for the sick men to be embarked and for the whole squadron to retire.

All but the *Revenge* got safely away. Raleigh says that Sir Richard Grenville was delayed through the time taken in getting his sick on board. But Monson, also a contemporary seaman, suggests that Grenville wilfully refused to follow Howard.

He certainly made no attempt to evade the Spaniards, but headed for their very centre.

' Shall we fight or shall we fly?

Good Sir Richard, tell us now,

For to fight is but to die.'

And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,

For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd and we roar'd a hurrah and so

The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe.

The *Revenge*, coming under the lee of some of the high-built galleons, was becalmed. The

Spaniards were enabled to close with her and at once attempted to board her.

For fifteen hours on end the unequal fight continued, 150 men against a host of 5,000 Spaniards, the *Revenge's* men only yielding when not more than 20 of them were left alive and all these grievously wounded. Sir Richard himself, mortally wounded, was carried aboard the Spanish Admiral's ship only to die a few days afterwards.

One can well believe with Tennyson that he would have preferred to sink his ship rather than let her fall into the hands of the Spaniards. But if he gave the order to this effect he was unable to see it carried out.

Such is the story—"memorable even beyond credit and to the height of some heroic fable."

Immense Moral Effect

Monson might grumble over the loss of the *Revenge*, "the first ship that ever they (the Spaniards) took of her majesty's, and commended to them by some English fugitives to be the very best she had." But there can be little doubt that this magnificent gesture on the part of Sir Richard Grenville had a tremendously far-reaching moral effect.

Drake and other Elizabethan captains had shown before now their contempt of Spanish might and by superior seamanship and gunnery had delivered a series of smashing blows to Philip II.'s prestige. The defeat and loss of the Armada had still more shaken the world's faith in the invincible power of Spain, but in the disaster that befell Philip's plan for the conquest of England, the Heavens could be said to have played their part. Spain, though weakened, still appeared to bestride the whole earth with a Colossus.

And then came this almost incredible sea-fight; one ship defying fifteen or twenty of Spain's best galleons, 150 men holding out against 5,000 Spaniards for fifteen hours. What else could the world or even Spain herself think of this but that her much-vaunted military prowess had gone?

Froude would seem to sum up the matter justly when he says that the *Revenge's* gallant defence

"struck a deeper terror, though it was but the action of a single ship, into the hearts of the Spanish people; it dealt a more deadly blow upon their fame and moral strength than the destruction of the Armada itself, and in the direct results which arose from it it was scarcely less disastrous to them."

Of Sir Richard, the hero of this glorious exploit, contemporaries tell us that he was "very unquiet in his mind and greatly affected to war," "of a nature very severe, so that his own people hated him for his fierceness and spake very hardly of him," but a man "of great and stout courage" who "had performed many valiant acts and was greatly feared in these islands (the Azores)." In short, just the man one would expect him to be—who feared "neither Don nor Devil."

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book.

Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE



National Portrait Gallery

who fought *The Revenge* against overwhelming odds

RACING**Hostile Demonstrations**

By David Learmonth

A WEEK or so ago, Lord Carnarvon joined the select body of riders who have been publicly booed. He committed the awful crime of riding the favourite in a "bumpers" race and failing to win. There was no ground whatever for this demonstration of popular wrath. Lord Carnarvon likes nothing better than to ride a winner.

These outbursts of strange indignation are curious manifestations of mass psychology. I know, because I am one of the select body of victims myself.

It happened at Buckfastleigh one Whitsuntide. Archie Willis, the Master of the Killulthra Harriers and owner of the Irish Grand National winner, Bohernore, had given me a horse by Prepared out of Spinning Queen called Spun Out. At the end of the race it was usually the jockey who was spun out.

He was very small, little over fifteen hands, but as strong as a lion and with the temperament of a tiger. He was too small for me to deal with properly—I never seemed able to fit myself on to him—so I got Bob Trudgill, the most powerful rough-riding jockey of the day, to ride him in a couple of steeplechases at Newton Abbott. He got him round each time; his hands were actually cut and bleeding when he got back to the paddock and he said he could never remember during many years' experience having a rougher ride.

Spun Out was entered in two races at Buckfastleigh, a three mile hunters' steeplechase and a hurdle race and, for some unknown reason a sporting paper tipped him to win the former. I decided the horse had more chance in the hurdle race and, since Trudgill was not available, rode him myself.

Spun Out Runs Out

It was a grillingly hot day, and I was feeling far from well. To make matters worse, the trainer had forgotten to send a bridle with rubber reins and I had to rein with plain leather reins, which are utterly useless on a sweating and hard pulling horse.

To make a long story short, the animal eventually ran out because the reins had become so slippery that I could no longer hold them. He dashed to the left, a movement which gave me an inspiring view of a brook a few feet wide, a horse's length from a stone wall. He jumped the narrow brook and to my intense relief, stopped dead at the wall.

When I returned to the paddock, breathing rather heavily I am afraid, I was surrounded by an infuriated mob who informed me over and over again that I was a dirty old blank.

After the race I put the horse up for auction. I felt sure it would never win a race and had no mind to keep it through the Summer. Not

surprisingly there was no bid; but a little later a man approached me and asked if I would be insulted if he offered me twenty-five pounds.

Nothing could have been less insulting at the moment and I told him so. He then said he wanted a pony for his small son aged eight to ride on Dartmoor. I told him that if that were so I could not sell him the horse. I could commit a good many crimes but I had no wish to have murder on my conscience.

He was overwhelmed with gratitude and seemed to think I had done a deed of exceptional honesty; anyhow, he performed many acts of friendship during my subsequent visits to Devonshire.

Now the amusing part about the whole business was that I wanted nothing better than to win a race to help meet my training bills and that, incidentally, I do not think the horse had the remotest chance of winning anything unless most of the others fell. Also I retired to bed that night with a temperature of a hundred and three.

Misleading Conclusions

It is strange how the public get these bees in their bonnets. Spun Out on his previous two outings had been a bad third in execrable company. I presume that the man who had made the selections in the sporting paper had argued that he had been "readied" for the hunter's steeplechase at Buckfastleigh. Probably he had never seen the animal run, but knowing that such things happen, had drawn his inferences from a study of the *Racing Calendar* and the form book. Members of the public, thinking themselves very clever, had come to some similar conclusion.

Why they should have done so I could never understand; because previous to this incident they had always been most flattering, saying that at least I was honest and did my best even if it was a poor one.

I remember another occasion at Torquay steeplechases, run over a mountainous country on the golf links. Hughy Murphy, desperately eager to win a race, tried to come through on the inside at a turn with the result that the jockey in front pushed him the wrong side of a flag.

By the time he had pulled up he was so far behind that it was useless to continue, so he went back to the paddock. Had he been able to predict his reception he would probably have remained where he was!

When we got back after the race was over we found a howling mob trying to break into the weighing room, the door of which was closed. However, the anxious officials had to let us in to weigh in, so we forced our way through the crowd, who I must say managed to confine their animosity to one person, and found the wretched Murphy crouching on a seat in the far dressing room, looking the picture of misery. So far as I remember, he did not venture out for a long time.

The Red Killer

By Dan Russell

TO the casual observer it was a placid country scene. An Autumn sun bathed the hillside in a gentle warmth. An old carthorse cropped the sweet grass, unheeding of the swarms of flies which buzzed about his head. Gay butterflies danced out their short lives from flower to flower. By the stone wall which guarded the wood, the hazels bowed beneath their load of nuts. Blending with the hum of insects was a soft "tick-tick" as the pods of gorse burst in the sunlight.

But beneath the gorse thicket lurked tragedy. The small wild things scurried to their holes in alarm, squeaking and twittering with terror, crying the dread news to friend and foe. The red killer was hungry; Blacktip the stoat was out for blood.

He moved swiftly between the stems of gorse, quartering the ground like a spaniel. He was a magnificent specimen of his kind. From nose to tail he measured exactly eleven inches; his height at the shoulder was not one fourth of his length; the upper part of his body was a rich russet brown, the underpart a creamy yellow; his tail ended in a conspicuous black tuft. But it was his head which betrayed his nature. Triangular, sharp, and flattened, it was the embodiment of relentless ferocity. A fitting head for the most vicious and bloodthirsty enemy of all small furred and feathered creatures.

A Killer on the Trail

Nose to the ground he searched patiently, but in the gorse there was nothing for him; the alarm had been given. He trotted into the sunlight and tried the open field. Almost immediately he came upon the scent of rabbit. He feathered at the smell like a hound and traced it towards the stone wall.

The rabbit was feeding at the far end, unsuspecting of danger. Blacktip was within ten yards before the rabbit saw him. There was a stamping of feet upon the hard ground, the flicker of a white scut, and the rabbit was off, running for its life.

But the stoat was not perturbed. Coolly and slowly he started on the trail, using his nose, as certain and relentless as death itself.

The rabbit ran for two hundred yards, then stopped to listen, its eyes distended with terror. In less than a minute Blacktip drew near. The rabbit ran on again; but this time a curious paralysis seemed to have slowed its limbs. It was as though it realised the futility of trying to escape its grim pursuer.

The pace of the hunted animal grew slower and slower until at last it crouched panting with terror, helpless and paralysed with fright.

Blacktip came on and saw his quarry. Then like a flash he hurled himself upon it. Even when the needle teeth met in the back of its neck the

rabbit did not move, but from its throat came a piteous squeal.

It was soon over; Blacktip was an expert at his work. After he had killed, he supped, sucking the blood from the tiny wound; then he ate a small portion of the brain. Though he was still hungry he touched no more, for such is the custom of his kind. The carcase he left to rot in the open field.

The salt of the blood made him thirsty, so he went over to the cattle-pond to slake his thirst.

By this pond was an ivy-covered oak, affording shelter for many birds. Blacktip climbed the tree like a squirrel. Ivy was always worth investigating.

At a fork in the tree a wood-pigeon had her nest. It was late in the season, but she was young and had mated late. In this nest were two young pigeons, their down just giving place to feathers.

Blacktip reached the nest and peered in. The mother bird clattered up in alarm, buffeting the stoat with her wings. Blacktip snarled, and she flew to a nearby limb, watching him with agitated eyes.

Murder

He seized one pigeon chick and killed. Carrying it to the ground, he sucked the blood and then clambered back and killed the other. He was not really hungry now, but was killing for the sport of it.

Further on, he found a nest of eight young rats in a hole in a bank. Seven of these he killed, leaving the bodies in a heap outside the hole. He was dragging the eighth squealing youngster from the nest when he received a violent blow on the shoulder which knocked him headlong.

Instantly he was on his feet, snarling with rage. The mother rat had returned to find her brood slaughtered. They faced each other grimly; the stoat agile and light, snarling with fury; the big old doe rat, with her long yellow teeth, rendered desperate by the loss of her young.

Suddenly the stoat darted in. He secured his grip on the neck, but the rat twisted sideways and sank her teeth in his foot. Blacktip choked with pain and anger, but despite his hurt he hung on to his neck hold.

Gradually the struggles of the rat grew feebler, until at last she lay still among her slaughtered brood. She had paid the price of her temerity.

But the stoat was badly hurt. He limped off to a patch of bracken where he lay and licked his foot. The strong, yellow teeth had crushed bone and sinew; he lay still and took his rest.

All day long he lay there, nursing his hurt; but when the gloaming came he limped forth on three legs and wended his way back to the gorse thicket which was his home.

The light was growing dim as he lurched

through the long grass. A barn-owl, quartering the field on silent wings, saw movement in the grass and pounced.

The strong talon's sank deep into Blacktip's sides and the hooked beak struck viciously at his skull. The attack was sudden and unexpected, but even as the owl struck Blacktip twisted sideways and buried his teeth in the soft flesh beneath a wing.

The owl realised his mistake and tried to break free, but the stoat hung on. The sharp claws were

sunk deep into his vitals, but the inherent savagery of the beast bade him fight to the end.

The owl screamed as the white teeth bit deeper, and with a mighty effort of buffeting wings tore himself free to disappear into the dimness of the trees.

Blacktip rose upon his feet, but the effort was too much. He sank back and kicked convulsively. A sharp tremor passed through his body, then he lay still. The red killer of the gorse thicket had met with a fitting end.

The Return of the Wanderer

By Francis Gribble

WITH Melbourne celebrating the centenary of its foundation, another Victorian centenary may opportunely be recalled: the one hundredth anniversary of the return to civilisation of a fugitive from justice who, after being transported to Port Philip, escaped from custody and lived a lonely life in the bush among the blackfellows for more than thirty years.

He was a soldier: Private William Buckley, first of the militia and then of the 4th Regiment of the line. The offence which brought him to Port Philip was an attempt, while stationed at Gibraltar, to shoot the Duke of York; but he escaped almost as soon as he had landed, and nothing was heard of him until 1835. In that year, however, he reappeared where Melbourne now stands, and, having made the acquaintance of a certain Lieutenant Morgan, described as "a veteran and esteemed member of the Tasmanian Press," wrote, with his assistance, a book giving a full and detailed account of his adventures—a book which is believed to have suggested the similar narrative, written with the help of a journalist named Fitzgerald, by the Swiss adventurer who called himself Louis de Rougemont.

A Lobster Nightmare

It may be, of course, that Lieutenant Morgan left some of William Buckley's stories rather better than he found them. One cannot help suspecting that when reading the first story of all, the story of a strange adventure in a cave by the sea which the fugitive had entered in order to hide from the aborigines; but it is certainly a story which deserves to be true. The tide rose, it seems, as the tide has a way of doing; and with the tide there entered an enormous number of lobsters, crawfish and crabs, which waddled towards William Buckley, with the evident intention of tearing him to pieces. It was, indeed, a terrible predicament, seeing that no line or retreat was open to him. Armed, however, with the courage of despair, he advanced to meet them, splashing the water at them as he came, with the result that

the startled crustaceans turned round and fled before him, "and I remained," he tells us, "during the rest of the night, undisturbed."

That is something like a story; and the story of the circumstances in which William Buckley found himself *persona grata* among the blackfellows is almost equally remarkable.

Louis de Rougemont, it will be remembered, ingratiated himself with them by turning somersaults like a professional acrobat; but William Buckley won their favour by a happy accident. While pursuing his "weary way" he happened to lie down and fall asleep on the grave of a departed warrior. The tribesmen, coming up and finding him there, concluded that he must be the reincarnation of this chief of theirs. So they received him in a friendly spirit, put some water and gum into a bucket, converted it into a pulp, and invited him to eat as much of it as he could. He ate quite a lot of it, being very hungry, and they then provided him with a wife, and he wandered about with them for no less than thirty-two years. But then a strange thing happened; and every statement made in this part of the story has been verified.

Back to Civilisation

Buckley observed, one day, that some of the blackfellows were in possession of pocket handkerchiefs—conclusive proof that there were white men somewhere in the neighbourhood. He asked a few questions and having ascertained that his black friends had laid a plan to murder these white men and steal the rest of their belongings, he instantly set out to find and warn them. In that way he fell in with Mr. Bateman, the founder of Port Philip Colony, who engaged him as an interpreter at a salary of £50 a year. A little later, thanks to Mr. Bateman's recommendations, he was granted a free pardon and given the opportunity of spending the remainder of his life in the odour of respectability, being employed, for a while, in the constabulary, and subsequently holding the offices of store-keeper to the Immigrants' home and gate-keeper to a nursery.

Napoleon and Josephine

THERE was a personal magnetism about Napoleon Bonaparte that at all stages of his career marked him out as something different from the ordinary run of mortals, a man to be feared, to be hated and to be worshipped, but certainly not, most of his contemporaries would have agreed, one to be despised or treated with amused contempt.

Yet in the early stages of the one great love affair of his life he met with a response to his attentions that could hardly be described as flattering to his self-esteem.

Josephine, widow of the Vicomte de Beauharnais, in her thirty-third year and mother of two children, took an interest in his military achievements sufficient to intrigue him, but she also openly mocked and laughed at him. "*Ce drole de Bonaparte*" seemed to express her feelings about him when he first began to lay siege to her much-assaulted heart.

And, as her latest biographer, E. A. Reinhardt, remarks in his comprehensive and illuminating study of her character and career ("*Josephine: Wife of Napoleon*," translated into English by Caroline Frederick, Hurst and Blackett, illustrated 15s.), there was some excuse for her laughter and amusement.

The Young Bonaparte

The young Bonaparte was "certainly peculiar enough."

This began with his appearance: he was neither definitely handsome nor homely. Then his clothes: the new uniform of the division General, though tolerably well-cut, looked as if he had not grown into it. In the house of Madame Permon, who, as his countrywoman, was kindly disposed toward him, he was called Puss-in-Boots. . . . He astonished and attracted, and was always a little ridiculous with his boundless vivacity. Often sudden rapturous ideas or keen observations which were almost clever protruded—but these were always without the saving humour which would have made them bearable or would have fitted them into the conversation.

Josephine kept on laughing at him and refusing to take his advances seriously. But Napoleon would not be denied and, as Josephine's debts were pressing, she gave way to his persistent pleading and they were married.

Napoleon, writing from the field in Italy, poured out his soul to her in the passionate, frenzied letters of a lover yearning for some proofs that his devotion was returned. Sometimes she omitted to reply to his letters; at other times her replies were brief and cold.

As his triumphs increased, so her seeming indifference to them grew.

The inevitable happened. Josephine might still be Napoleon's Empress, might still fascinate him against his will, might still be permitted to squander recklessly the money he never denied her; but she was no longer the only woman for him. And he wanted an heir.

It was her turn to complain of unrequited affections, but it was too late.

Her star had begun to set. Divorce and the refuge at Malmaison were to follow.

After a brief spell of social grandeur under the

restored Monarchy she died on May 29, 1814, And Napoleon, visiting Malmaison after the Hundred Days when his own star had set, wandered unhappily through her rooms, muttering to himself "She really loved me; she really loved me."

So "the Creole"—Creole only in the sense of the white colonial, born and bred in the Antilles—whose allure he could never quite forget, held him in her toils even in death.

Herr Reinhardt, with a nice discrimination in his selection of contemporary authorities, brings out all the high lights and shadows in Josephine's story, besides giving us a true understanding of her real character.

A Banker's Travels

AS a change from a life spent in looking after other people's money, Mr. George Porter, on his retirement, lightly turned his thoughts to travel. And the change not only gave him immense enjoyment; it discovered his latent talents as a writer.

And so he produced a book, which his publishers tell the world quite frankly did not at all appeal to them at first.

"Who is George Porter," they asked themselves, "and what interest does he expect people to have in Tasmania, the subject he has chosen?"

It was only their literary adviser's strong recommendation of the MSS. that made them realise the excellence of Mr. Porter's travel record.

That is the tale set forth in the publishers' blurb and one can well believe it. Tasmania is a very long way off and a great part of the British reading public are probably quite happy in their ignorance of that pleasant little island, of about the size of Ireland, lying to the south of the Australian continent.

Publishers being human—in some respects at least—would not unnaturally take such a consideration into their reckonings. If this inevitable prejudice did not at once damn the book submitted to them, it is only reasonable to conclude there were some exceptional points in its favour.

And one has only to begin reading Mr. George Porter's "*Wanderings in Tasmania*" (Selwyn and Blount, with 60 illustrations and map, 18s.), to realise its unusual charm.

Here is a banker who seems to have missed his real vocation in life, who has a felicity of style many professional writers might envy, who has the gift of communicating his enjoyment of everything that delights him to his readers, who revels in delving into old records and disclosing their secrets and who is not content to rely solely on his powers of description, but illustrates his narrative copiously with a series of delightful photographs.

Thus, by the time we have finished his book we seem to have seen Tasmania for ourselves and to be familiar, both with its present and its past—the old convict settlement, the Aborigines who have disappeared, the fine modern towns and harbours, the extensive National Parks, the magnificent scenery and the present-day inhabitants.

Magic and Snakes

COLONEL ROBERT HENRY ELLIOT, late of the Indian Medical Service, is a sceptic about the mystery of the East. That is no doubt due to the fact that he is not only a medical man, but has been so long connected with the Magic Circle, of the Occult Committee of which he has been Chairman for no less than fifteen years.

In "The Myth of the Mystic East" (Blackwood, 7s. 6d.) he ascribes popular acceptance of the East's mystery and mysticism to nothing more than the unfamiliarity of the West with the East's habits, customs, religions and moral and mental outlook.

Mystery fades and mysticism vanishes as soon as you get to grips with your subject. An ordinary and simple explanation is invariably available in the long run.

To the subject of *Yoga* he devotes little—some may think far too little—attention; but he has much to tell us and explain to us about various Indian conjuring tricks, fakirs' mutilating practices, fire-walking and witchcraft.

A not inconsiderable section of the book is taken up with a highly interesting analysis of the evidence at present available concerning the Indian Rope Trick. His conclusion is:—

There are wonderful stories of people who have taken photographs during the actual performance of the trick whilst the rope was in the air and the boy disappearing up it. It is added that the negatives showed nothing to confirm claims made; there was no rope in the air and no boy. The explanation offered is that it was merely a question of hypnotism and mass-suggestion.

I would go much further than this. The great rope trick is a myth, and the sooner it joins the fire-breathing dragons and other similar inventions of a credulous past, the better. It never has been performed and never will be.

A good third of the book deals with a subject about which Colonel Elliot can certainly claim to have expert knowledge—snakes, their habits and their poisons.

Snakes have, he points out, no ears. Yet cobras appear to be fond of music as, with heads erect, they swing gently to and fro to the piping of the snake-charmer. He thinks it is possible that the notes of the pipes are conveyed along the ground to their rib-tips.

As regards the killing powers of various snakes he writes:

The tiger-snake of Australia has a venom two and a half times more deadly than that of the death-adder or of the sea-snake, twenty-four times more deadly than that of the cobra and one hundred and twenty-five times more so than that of the Russell's viper. When it comes to yield, the cobra gives more than twelve times as much as the tiger-snake and over five times as much as the death-adder. Hamilton Fairley has reckoned the relative killing power on sheep of a tiger-snake as 3.5 and of a death-adder as 2.7, in comparison with the Indian cobra as 1. With these figures in front of him, the reader may be surprised to learn that the death-adder and not the tiger-snake ranks first in killing power. The explanation is that it possesses the most efficient biting mechanism of all the snakes.

A fascinating book, even perhaps to those who are less sceptical about the mystery and mysticism of the East than the author.

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**Hon. Sir ARTHUR STANLEY,
G.B.E., C.B., M.V.O.**

Secretary & Clerk to the
Governors :

Lt.-Col. A. P. B. IRWIN

A Woman of France

MLLE. LOUISE THUILIEZ is one of the heroines of France. It was she who organised the escape of Allied soldiers cut off from their regiments by the German advance of 1914. Among her helpers were Edith Cavell, Comtesse Jeanne de Belleville and Princesse Marie de Croy.

In 1915, she was arrested with Edith Cavell and Phillipe Bausq at Brussels, tried by court martial and condemned to death, a sentence afterwards commuted to hard labour for life.

In her book just published ("Condemned to Death," by Louise Thuiliez, Methuen, 7s. 6d.), she gives an account of her experiences. It is a little epic of quiet courage and devotion, a total disregard of danger and an ever-present sense of patriotism. A deeply religious woman, she was imbued with a love of humanity very similar to that of Edith Cavell.

"To hear the death sentence demanded as one's penalty, is to experience, first stupefaction, then surprise, then doubt—and at last, resignation. For with every cross is given the corresponding strength to bear it."

Those few words seem to sum up Louise Thuiliez. She is a woman of whom France is justly proud. P.K.

San Francisco with the Lid Off

THE history of San Francisco really starts with the gold rush to California in 1849. Not long before that the United States had captured the territory from Mexico and annexed it.

A week or so later the advance guard of the Mormons, who were seeking a place outside the United States where they could practise their beliefs without persecution, arrived. It is interesting to conjecture whether the Mormons would have defeated the Gold Rush or whether the gold fever would have beaten them.

Anyhow, the Gold Rush beat the people who did go to that part of California, and San Francisco soon became a haunt of unspeakable vice. Mr. Herbert Asbury in "The Barbary Coast" (Jarrolds, 18s., Illustrated), has written a history of the brothels, drinking dens, and lewd music halls which made up the underworld of the town.

To be quite candid, he has bitten off a bit more than he could chew. A history, if it is to have any value at all, must tell the whole truth. Since Mr. Asbury knows well enough that if he were to describe all that happened in these haunts, his book would have had to have been printed in Paris for private circulation only, he is in somewhat of a quandary.

However, he manages to give a fair impression of the actual state of affairs.

MR. REGINALD ARKELL'S Rhymes are well known to the public, and in "Bridge Without Sighs" (Herbert Jenkins, 3s. 6d.), he has lived up to his reputation as a laughter maker. There are some excellent illustrations by George Whitelaw.

A Working Man's Life

MR. WHITTAKER works—when he is not sick or unemployed. And this means much more than many people have ever imagined. In "I, James Whittaker" (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.) he teaches us, as no one to our knowledge has taught before, exactly how poor the poor can be, how little fun they have between intervals of toil, and how their lives are haunted with the spectre of idleness.

Mr. Gilbert Frankau has written a preface, in which he urges us not merely to skim Mr. Whittaker's book but to read it conscientiously. Having done so, we feel that Mr. Frankau's exhortation was unnecessary; for any one who takes up this volume will have the greatest difficulty in putting it down.

James Whittaker was born in the slums of Edinburgh. His father was a cooper; his mother had been a domestic servant in the best houses. The father was a skilled and industrious workman; nevertheless, owing to precarious trade conditions, the dread of unemployment was never far from him.

Young Whittaker's childhood consisted of periods of deepest darkness when hunger gripped the entire family, lightened by phases when things were not so bad. But there seems never to have been a time that was entirely free from difficulty.

Constant moves, necessitated by changes of employment, loaded the father with debts which, as he was scrupulous in paying them off, hung like a millstone round his neck. Then, as if matters had not been bad enough before, an avalanche of troubles descended upon the family.

At Work at Eight

From the age of eight James Whittaker, working before and after school hours, contributed to the meagre earnings of his parents. He is now twenty-eight and his employments have been many and various. Firms have gone bankrupt under him, others have had temporary stoppages; he has never known security.

In search of some measure of this and of a chance to rise in the world he joined the Army, and in a short time was promoted to the rank of serjeant. Nothing, it seemed, could stop him from obtaining a commission when a bad fall while riding ended his Army career.

On leaving hospital he was told he would be awarded at least an eighty per cent disability pension. He never got a farthing. For months he lay ill, racked with pain. He got better, and entered once more the struggle for existence.

He married and begot a child. The struggle became more intense. Illness still dogged him. Short time and bad trade in the North of England, to which the Whittakers had migrated years before, harassed him.

Yet he still struggled to cultivate himself. He attended classes. Through the night, sitting in a cold attic, he wrote this book. How well he has succeeded the reader will judge. We think he has succeeded very well.

Novels for the Library List

A Disturber of Peace

THE author of "Rogue Herries" and "The Cathedral"—to name only two of a score of much-lauded books—hardly needs an introduction to the novel-reading public. The fact that Mr. Hugh Walpole has published yet another book will probably be enough for them. And in securing and reading this book—"Captain Nicholas" (Macmillans, 7s. 6d.)—they will not be disappointed, for they will find Mr. Walpole at his best, though he has chosen a rather unusual theme—the extraordinary effect produced on a united happy family by the sudden return to the fold of a ne'er-do-well relation with his worldly-wise child. With the arrival of these two domestic peace and happiness vanish; suspicion takes the place of perfect understanding; discord is sown and brings forth an abundant harvest. The villain, Captain Nicholas, worms himself into everyone's confidence; they cannot resist his charm or his evil suggestions. It is all so subtly done, and for all his unscrupulousness and villainy the Captain still retains something of the gentleman he is supposed to be. Peace is only restored by his ultimate expulsion, and as he and his daughter set forth with a gallant air for a new home we are given a hint of danger in "the offing" for this home-wrecker.

Futile Lives

One of Mr. Evelyn Waugh's greatest gifts as a writer is his economy of language. He can project a thought into his readers' minds with a modicum of words. He seems to be indifferent to description, yet somehow the description is there. He is a conjuror who produces his illusions with the minimum of patter and business. In his latest novel, "A Handful of Dust" (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.), he displays this gift to an astonishing degree of cleverness. He throws a variety of characters at us, all rather futile—with the exception of a child whom he quickly exterminates; lets them speak and act their parts just apparently as they please, and we straightway find ourselves contemplating real, breathing creatures. It is a story both tragic and hilariously funny, that seems to move along without aid from its author. And for all their futility the characters, or some of them at least, are not without their appeal to the readers' sympathies. Unquestionably the best book Mr. Waugh has written.

The Rustic Healer

The central figure of "Edge of Eden" by Paul Kerris (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.), is a young simple-hearted Cornish farmer, who has inherited his father's powers of influencing animals and healing sick persons. Through the agency of a young woman whom he cures and worships, he is translated to London, where he attains a certain measure of fame, but finally the earthly Paradise in which he has been moving is shattered for him by the realisation that the angelic creature he has been worshipping has somehow been transformed into a sheer Devil. The end is tragedy. An exceptionally good first novel.

In Darkest Cornwall

A grim, macabre tale is Mr. E. F. Benson's "Raven's Brood" (Arthur Barker, 7s. 6d.), different from anything he has yet written, yet to be accounted among the best of his books. The background is a Cornish village in which old superstitions still hold their sway side by side with a fervent Christianity, and in which the presence of a Druidical or pre-Druidical circle of stones helps to confirm its inhabitants' belief that they are a race apart from the "foreigners" who visit them. The story revolves round the family of John Pentreath, a Baptist bigot, drunkard and lecher, with his gipsy wife, a trafficker in witchcraft and black magic, whom he

fears little less than he fears his Creator, his widowed daughter-in-law, a veritable Jezebel, and the latter's twenty years' old son. It is a powerful story distinguished for its convincing characterisation.

Crime and Thrills

Adventures with a Balkan King

ONE is always glad to come across the famous "Leathermouth" again, for one knows that he is bound to be the storm centre of exciting adventures and he has a way with him that marks him out as the fitting hero for anything specially difficult and dangerous in Secret Service work. Moreover, with Mr. Carlton Dawe to record his exploits for us we are certain to get both the right atmosphere and a crisply told tale. In "Leathermouth's Luck" (Ward, Lock and Co., 7s. 6d.), we have "Leathermouth" looking after a Balkan King (who is a sort of idealised King Carol) with his inamorata in London. There are, of course, plenty of complications and both "Leathermouth" and his Royal charge come very near death as the result of them.

An Attractive Rogue

Mr. Richard Keverne is a pastmaster in the art of mixing just the right quantity of ingredients that go to the making of a successful mystery thriller, and his latest story "He Laughed at Murder" (Constable, 7s. 6d.) is well calculated to satisfy his large reading public. There is no waste of words in the telling of it, yet in keeping his tale moving briskly, he finds room in it for a pleasant little romance. The plot centres in the outwitting of a bunch of very ruthless crooks by a somewhat remarkable character whom the hero had felt called upon to help out of gratitude for past services, but whom he eventually discovered to be a rogue, if a very attractive one. "Never rattled, callous, cynical and capable of enormous endurance, he had staked everything and won. Michael (the hero) was frankly glad he had won." And so will be those who read this thrilling story.

The Poisoner

There is gossip in Richmond that a rich old lady, who is ill, is being poisoned by her children. When she dies and the post mortem discloses the presence of arsenic in her body, there is no lack of suspects with possible motives for the crime. As the tale—"Arsenic in Richmond" by David Frome (Longmans, Green and Co., 7s. 6d.)—proceeds, so does the puzzle as to the perpetrator of the crime grow. One of the suspects is also done to death, and the police discover that yet another member of the family had previously died from arsenic. The murderer is, of course, eventually brought to book, but the mystery is well sustained up to the very end.

A Great French Sleuth

To many readers of detective fiction the name of Inspector Maigret, the Paris expert in crime, will doubtless be familiar. His creator, M. Georges Simenon, who has been called the Edgar Wallace of France, has now given us two more of his cases under the title "The Triumph of Inspector Maigret" (Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.). The first concerns a murder in a Paris tenement; the second also involves the elucidation of a murder mystery, but this time the scene is a lock forming the junction of the Marne River and a canal. In each case the Inspector is at first baffled, but "dogged does it." Those who don't know the Inspector will enjoy making his acquaintance.

A Criminal's Memoirs

IT is a strange world we live in and so perhaps one ought not to feel surprised that the ex-criminal sometimes is conscious of an irresistible urge to publish his reminiscences for the edification of a law-abiding community.

Perhaps he feels that it is his duty as a professional performer to show that crime in its stark reality is far stranger and more exciting than it is represented to be in detective fiction. Or perhaps he is merely influenced by the thought of the money to be earned.

In any case, there must be a reading public for such literature or it would not be produced.

One of these ex-professionals recently gave the world his experiences as a bootlegging, hijacking gangster in America in a book entitled "Limey." Here he wrote under the pseudonym "James Spenser" and had the benefit of expert literary assistance from a collaborator.

The venture seems to have been remarkably successful and it has tempted him to write yet another book—this time without a collaborator—setting forth his early years of crime in Birmingham and London ("Limey Breaks In," by James Spenser, Longmans, 10s. 6d.).

His criminal career began at the age of eight when he stole a purse and ran away from home. Thereafter he indulged in burglary, smash and grab robberies, passing counterfeit coin and "confidence" jobs, spending various intervals of rest in Borstal and prison.

Trailing the Famous Three

MR. BERNARD NEWMAN has invented a new form of travel book. And a very pleasant one, for who is not interested in Dumas' famous "Musketeers"?

His book "In the Trail of the Three Musketeers" (Herbert Jenkins, illustrated, 10s. 6d.) takes us over all the ground covered by these heroes in the various books Dumas wrote about them and their exploits.

We are reminded, too, that they were not wholly imaginary figures; that there was a real d'Artagnan, and a real Athos, Porthos and Aramis, though the originals were not quite such admirable beings as their fictitious counterparts. The real d'Artagnan, for example, whose Memoirs Dumas adapted for his own purposes, was

a drunken gambler with a sex-besotted mind. The Memoirs are a collection of loose and casual jottings made by a coarse soldier of loose character; the stories of his campaigns mingle with anecdotes of the politics of the day, but his own amours are the predominating feature of the book. He must have been the champion seducer of his day.

But, like Mr. Newman, one does not want to remember this Casanova monster as having any sort of connection with the gallant romantic creature of Dumas' imagination.

Mr. Newman is trailing, as he quickly explains to us, the heroes of fiction, not the blackguards of actual fact.

Common-Sense about War

"There is a sort of little trick, or snag, in the ordinary Pacifist way of discussing and denouncing all wars, which seems to me most likely to produce more wars. I have never seen the point noted anywhere; and yet it strikes me as very obvious."

READ

G. K. CHESTERTON

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CORRESPONDENCE

The British Legion Scandal

SIR,—If proof were needed that all is not well with the British Legion, your well-informed Special Correspondent and your other correspondents have given it abundantly.

That the leaders of the Legion and the official Headquarters have offered no reply or explanation whatever, apart from General Sir Frederick Maurice's irrelevant and insincere outburst, is in itself a damning indictment.

As it has been widely pointed out in the Press, those amazing gentlemen of Haig House, whose breasts are plastered with orders but whose sleeves are innocent of wound-stripes, appear quite satisfied to shelter themselves behind the Royal family whenever the wind of criticism rises. But the issue is plainly, as you have put it, one of political independence versus Government control.

It is insufferable that a man like Ramsay MacDonald, whose War record is beneath contempt, should dictate to an organisation comprising the very men who fought and suffered for their country while he was agitating against it and refusing to take his place in their heroic ranks. It is insufferable that men who, like the dismissed editor of the Legion's *Journal* (himself a disabled ex-Officer), stood out sincerely against this ghastly perversion, should be ruthlessly broken, while sycophants without any War Service to speak of, retain highly-paid jobs at the Legion Headquarters and are paid out of Poppy money.

I am no accountant, and the Legion's Annual Report seems to me in any case a very involved affair, but on adding up the various expenses of collection, administration and distribution which appear in it, I arrive at something like a quarter of a million pounds.

Anyone with a copy of the Annual Report can make a similar calculation and will, I believe, arrive at a similar sum by including all such items as the cost of Headquarters administration, the cost of producing the poppies, travelling expenses of officials, grants to the Women's Section, Legal expenses, "Sports Fund," insurance on cars, "Proposed new Headquarters—cost of preparing plans" (my report is dated 1931-1932), the cost of the annual Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall, etc., etc., etc.

Since the Legion has only a small revenue from subscriptions, compared with the amount it receives on Poppy Day, it seems that a very large amount of the poppy money, subscribed largely in small amounts by the poorest of the poor, is not used to relieve distress among suffering ex-service men, but to pay for things of which the givers do not dream.

HERBERT O'KELLY.

Fairholme, Odiham, Hants.

Wanted, an Enquiry

SIR,—The ex-Service community owes you a debt for your British Legion disclosures. It is high time for a real, searching enquiry into the affairs of the Legion. The famous Bridgeman Enquiry was not that.

The shufflings and evasions of the Legion's leaders have succeeded for too long in throwing dust in the eyes of ex-service men and of the public in general.

Mr. Carroll, the late editor of the *Legion Journal*, seems to have made a remarkably bold stand for a whole year against the hush-hush policy and the maladministration of the Legion, beginning with the courageous article which the leaders of the Legion disowned in April 1933, and ending with his dismissal in May last.

I am one of those who followed that fight with tense interest, and who saw the lone fighter go down with tense regret.

I hope the personal sacrifice he made in sticking to his guns will not have been in vain, and I am glad that you and your brilliant Special Correspondent have carried on the fight.

C. M. ANDERSON.

Beach View, Seafront,
Hayling Island.

Why no Answer?

SIR,—As a member of the public whose only connection with the Legion is in my annual subscription on Poppy Day—hitherto a pleasurable duty—I have been convinced by the recent articles and correspondence in your review, that there is a fundamental defect in the British Legion as it is at present constituted.

I am not competent to judge of the exact force of all the accusations that have been made against the Legion administration (though the lack of any reply to them is significant to outside observers); but emphatically it ought not to be possible that such charges should be made at all against an organisation of the kind the Legion professes to be.

An organisation that purports to exist for the benefit of all ex-Servicemen; that has a clear duty, gladly admitted by the country, towards thousands of sufferers from the war; that depends on public money for its existence, ought to be above suspicion.

The least effect of the present controversy is to show that the Legion is not that.

If the officials at Haig House have a reply, they should come out into the open; if they have not, they should remember that the Legion is a democratic body, and that the public does not care a rap who runs it so long as it is run by men in whom its members have confidence.

Why should Haig House consider itself immune from criticism coming from within the ranks of the Legion?

No one but itself is responsible for that. The present discussion should not be allowed to drop until the public receives the satisfaction which is due to it—the knowledge that the affairs of the British Legion will be conducted in the future without secrecy, without subservience to outside influences and without humbug.

Hammersmith.

OBSERVER.

Where the Legion Fails

SIR,—In theory, the British Legion is a splendid conception, but in actual practice it has some very decided limitations, which mar its usefulness.

The one which comes frequently to my notice is the parochial spirit in which the funds are administered.

A man is unable to find work in his own neighbourhood, and naturally goes farther afield to seek it. If, in his search he becomes stranded, he applies to the nearest branch of the British Legion, but although he has been a member for years, he receives no help whatsoever, because he is out of his own neighbourhood.

Burgess Hill, Sussex.

J. P. BACON PHILLIPS.

A Protest

SIR,—In your recent series of attacks on the British Legion, you made the statement that some legal expenses of the late Editor of the "British Legion Journal" were paid for by a cheque on Earl Haig's special Fund. You imply that this Fund is Lord Haig's Poppy Day Appeal, and such implication might tend to influence a few of the general public in their donations on November 11th.

It is fairly common knowledge in the British Legion that the fund referred to is a Special Fund originally at the disposal of the late Lord Haig for use in special cases not covered by the ordinary funds of the movement, or in other words, an emergency fund.

With all deference, I would point that, irrespective of individual opinions regarding the British Legion, attacks upon it such as you are conducting can only have one effect, and that is to prejudice the public, and thus reduce contributed funds available for the assistance of my distressed comrades, or the dependents of those million and a quarter Britishers who laid down their lives in the Great War.

CHAS. A. PEARCE.

"Hopecott,"

Wotton-Under-Edge, Glos.

[As the letters and articles we have published abundantly show, there is need of bringing the affairs of the Legion into the light of day.]

Banned for Telling the Truth

SIR,—Going to the reference room of the Clapham Library some weeks ago, I was asked by another visitor if I had seen the *Saturday Review*.

"Yes," I replied, "I read it after breakfast to-day."

"You're lucky: It's no longer here," he said. "Not finding it on the table, I asked the assistant if it were late. 'Oh! no,' he replied, 'it has been stopped.' And I had read the *Saturday Review* in this room for over forty years. What do you think of it?"

"I'll investigate," I assured him.

T.G.P.: I am told that the *Saturday Review* has been stopped. Will you tell me why?

Assistant: It was thought undesirable.

T.G.P.: Did the Librarian stop it?

A: Oh no. The Committee.

T.G.P.: Well, I suppose the Committee is composed of Communists, Reds and Socialists with a backing of other cranks and fanatics.

A: Indeed no: quite the contrary.

T.G.P.: That makes the stoppage stranger still. I'll be obliged if you will let the Committee know that I, and I am sure the old gentleman sitting over there, think it was stupid to ban one of our oldest weeklies, and perhaps on reflection they will decide to restore the paper. I'll look in again when I am this way to see if they have considered my view favourably.

(I called on Wednesday, Sept. 19th, and found the Deputy Librarian in charge, and seeing that the *Saturday Review* had not returned I asked the Deputy Librarian why the Committee had slain the paper so far as Clapham was concerned).

D.L.: They thought that it was no longer like the old *Saturday Review*, and they objected to the *controversies*. (The italics are mine).

T.G.P.: What controversies?

D.L.: Well, there was an attack on Major Astor by Lady Houston.

T.G.P.: That, I assure you, is quite wrong. The Editor quite rightly slogged the Major, who is proprietor of a certain newspaper, because at the opening of that newspaper's exhibition at the Dover Corporation Museum in May, of photographs taken of the Houston-Mount Everest flight, he made a disgracefully unpardonable and obviously intentional omission. He spoke of "the courage which first conceived and then accomplished the object," and said that they "all felt proud of those Englishmen who had earned fame for themselves and honour for their country." The Major added that "The part played by my paper in comparison was a very humble one." It was indeed, I assure you, for whilst the newspaper proprietor, in questionable taste, spoke of the "very humble" part played by his paper—simply to secure the photographic rights of the pictures taken on the flight—he made not the faintest reference to that great Englishwoman, Lady Houston, who financed the venture and, without whose munificence, there would have been no Mount Everest Expedition.

D.L.: That is new to me.

T.G.P.: What is the other controversy?

D.L.: The *Saturday Review's* attacks on the Prime Minister.

T.G.P.: Those onslaughts were, and are absolutely warranted. And I do hope that the *Saturday Review* will, as the *National Review* did a few years ago, devote a page every week to the story of Ramsay MacDonald's crafty and traitorous career. I'll look up the Librarian to-morrow.

(I interviewed that amiable and smiling official on the 20th.)

T.G.P.: Will you please tell me why the Committee has banned the *Saturday Review*? There must be some reason or reasons, for the paper is splendidly patriotic and is now by far the brightest and most interesting of all the sixpenny weeklies, "the paper that dares to tell the truth."

L.: The Committee, I fancy, consider that the policy

of the *Saturday Review* has greatly changed, and that its avowed sole and transparent purpose to-day is to vilify Ramsay MacDonald.

T.G.P.: You fancy that?

L.: The Committee!

T.G.P.: Oh! Good-day.

Hemberton Rd., Stockwell, S.W.9.

T.G.P.

Soldiers and Sailors Help Society

(From Earl Beatty)

SIR,—Large numbers of needy and broken ex-Service men are still in our midst, and those of us who held high command during the War remember well how amply the confidence we placed in these men was justified.

Their welfare now is a heavy responsibility resting upon each one of us and the Soldiers and Sailors Help Society has been, and still is, striving in every practical way adequately to meet their needs. It has assisted in re-establishing large numbers in civil life, in caring for the sick, training and employing in the Lord Roberts Workshops the severely disabled, and in relieving the distress of the necessitous. During last year alone close upon 45,000 ex-Service men were helped, of whom almost 4,000 were ex-Naval ratings and members of the Royal Marines.

Next Sunday marks the 102nd anniversary of the birth of Lord Roberts—a name synonymous with the cause and welfare of ex-Service men, and I ask all who have it in their power to mark this special date by sending a contribution to the Society to assist it to continue its work of relief.

No more appropriate tribute could be paid to the memory of a great patriot than to care for his comrades.

I make a special appeal to the owners and directors of steamship companies, to captains of passenger liners on which collections are made for charitable and patriotic objects, and indeed, to all those who have at their disposal charitable funds for allocation, to remember the Soldiers and Sailors Help Society when distribution is being considered and generously to allow it to share in these.

And I ask every man and woman who can, to make the anniversary of Lord Roberts' birthday an occasion for helping in this great work and to send their donations to The Countess Roberts, 122, Brompton Road, Room T. London, S.W.3.

BEATTY.

Admiral of the Fleet.

122, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3.

The Saar and Germany

SIR,—I have recently visited the Saar territory and would like to say that the evidence I have gleaned for myself has left no doubt in my mind as to the attitude of the people there towards both Germany and France.

It is clear to me that the Saar region, incorporated in the French economic system, has remained definitely alien.

This alienation of the French by these characteristically-German people of the Saar has been intensified by the impoverishment of the mining industry.

Here I would like to point out that the workers in the Saar are exclusively German—Germans who love their homes and their Fatherland above all else—and here the German mothers teach their children the prayer: "O Lord, free us from foreign domination!"

I don't believe this applies specially to the French, because the present League of Nations Commission is looked upon as alien to them.

Everywhere one is told that the French have never looked upon the Saar as anything but a convenient market for their products, without ever having any regard to its special conditions or requirements. This I am inclined to believe, and from what I saw, I at least have no doubt whatever that the return of the Saar to Germany is the unanimous desire of the Saar people.

St. Stephen's House,
Westminster, S.W.1.

P. JAY.

THEATRE

The Usual Mixture—Good Acting in Poor Plays

By Russell Gregory

"Moonlight is Silver"

Queen's

By Clemence Dane

UNFORTUNATELY there is not sufficient space for me to describe in detail the false psychology, the careless characterisation and the blundering stage-craft which Miss Dane has seen fit to muddle together for the delectation of the public.

Gertrude Lawrence gave a technically perfect performance. That she did not convince me for one moment was not her fault. Miss Dane is to blame. I seem to remember the play being galvanised into some sort of life by Helen Haye and Barry Jones, but it is all very vague. My conscience would not allow me to rest unless I had said something about Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. Perhaps honour will be satisfied if I say that I found him dull and very, very ordinary.

And to think that I turned down an invitation to go and see a Mickey Mouse film!

"No More Ladies"

Wyndham's

By A. E. Thomas

It would be presumptuous of me to pretend to know what this play was about. As far as I could gather, Diana Townsend married Edward Warren although she knew he was a philanderer. After their marriage he continued to philander which annoyed her very much. So she, in her ineffable wisdom, arranged a bridge party at which he was placed at the same table with one of his previous mistresses, now re-married into the peerage, and of course, as a result, everything came out all right in the end.

The trouble is that a good deal of excellent acting was wasted on this futility. It was almost embarrassing to see Ellis Jeffreys, Arthur Margetson, Ann Todd, Edgar Norfolk, Jane Welsh and Evelyn Roberts working so hard to so little purpose.

"Who's Who"

Duke of York's

By Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse

Please do not ask me Who's Who because, apart from the fact that I really do not know, it doesn't matter very much. If you like your Wodehouse you will like this play, but if the "snippety-snap, old bean" sort of dialogue worries you, I should advise you to have nothing to do with it.

Personally, I liked Peter Haddon, who was actually the rightful heir to the doubtful earldom of Droitwich—or was it Daventry?—just as much when he was a mere aristocrat as when he was operating on a medium and perhaps more per-

manent wave as a barber. Ivor Barnard, too, was entirely satisfactory as the barber who became an earl against his better judgment.

Lawrence Grossmith was so utterly in the P.G.W. tradition that it was difficult to decide whether Wodehouse invented Grossmith or Grossmith Wodehouse, and George Elton gave one of his inimitable character studies. I laughed a lot, but it is a thin play.

"Antony and Cleopatra"

The Old Vic.

Shakespeare

I have said before that I appreciate fully the purpose for which The Old Vic. exists. Nothing could be finer than to present our greatest dramatist to people who cannot normally afford to go to Stratford-on-Avon or to the productions which take place from time to time in the West End of London through the generosity of wealthy impresarios. It grieves me, therefore, to say that the Old Vic. "Antony and Cleopatra" is uninteresting.

True, there was an Antony in the person of Mr. Wilfred Lawson who stood firmly on his Hill of Bashan and outroared the horned herd. There was also a Cleopatra.

I happened to be in front when Alec Clunes played the part of Caesar, in the absence of Maurice Evans. It was an excellent performance, and Mr. Evans may congratulate himself on having such an efficient understudy.

Winter Garden

"Love is the best Doctor" (Molière) and "Androcles and the Lion" (Shaw)

Mr. Sidney Carroll is conferring a benefit on London playgoers by producing Shaw's quasi-historical joke in an indoor instead of an outdoor theatre. It would be hard—not to say unkind—to find fault with such an excellent piece of entertainment. Andrew Leigh as Androcles and Robert Atkins as Furovius were almost beyond praise and Oscar Asche as the Emperor will no doubt be equally worthy of commendation when he is more familiar with his part.

The Molière play was less successful. In the first place the translation was not all that could be desired and English actors do not find themselves at home in plays which demand the lightest of light touches. In my opinion Pamela Stanley in the small part of Lisette came nearest to the true spirit of the play.

The dancing, with Pearl Argyle as the premiere danseuse, was quite delightful and the music—about which the programme gives no information either as to composer or performers—entirely suited and indeed helped to create the general atmosphere.

MUSIC NOTES

Mr. Murdoch Writes on Chopin

By Herbert Hughes

LAST year Mr. William Murdoch, the well known Australian pianist, published a book on Brahms. It was, I think, his first serious excursion into the world of letters. This week he again appears in the rôle of author with the first of two volumes on Chopin.* One of the best and worst books ever written about Chopin was that by Frederick Niecks, published in this country in 1888; as a work of reference, exhaustive and authoritative, it has served a generation of writers, English and foreign; as a work of art it has long been anathema to those who demand form and style and rhythm.

In recent years the literature on the subject of Chopin, and of George Sand, and of their association, has been accumulating; the publication of correspondence unknown to, or outside the reach of, Niecks, has tempted later authors to re-tell the tragic story. As a piece of literature probably the most exquisite performance has been that of Guy de Pourtales, whose *Chopin ou le Poète* was published in Paris seven years ago: a penetrating psychological study of an imaginative kind rather than a scientific biography.

Masterpiece of Clumsiness

In the same year came the highly documented and more reliable work of M. Bidou: a masterpiece of clumsiness. German, Polish, English and other writers have swelled the list, but not since Niecks has a book appeared, written in English, which has had the same pretensions to a full-dress biography as that which comes from Mr. Murdoch's pen.

If conscientiousness, thoroughness, musical enthusiasm, and plain, straight thinking were sufficient to make a fine book, then this might be so called. As a piece of sheer industry it is a monument of pertinacity and patience. All the essential facts relating to the career of Chopin, and to the famous *liaison* are here. Nothing is glossed over or concealed, though most of the ground has been covered before; and it is good to see that the author has no illusions about the character of Chopin or the character of his mistress. There is really nothing new to be said about the personalities of either, and nothing in the Opienski letters published some time ago throws any fresh light on their idiosyncrasies.

History can hardly show a character more complex than George Sand's, nor an ancestry more irregular; she could be, and often was, extremely generous in thought and action, but her hypocrisy, duplicity, and self-righteousness were as baffling as they were real. Chopin has had the sympathy of the world for the mental and physical tortures of the disease from which he died; but his selfish-

ness was quite heartless and calculating, and his interest in human beings pretty nearly nil.

Whitewashing biographies are no longer the fashion, and it is unlikely that any future writer will attempt to depict Frédéric Chopin as other than a rather unpleasant and snobbish young man, however his incomparable gifts as a creative artist may be extolled. His filial devotion, his sentimental friendships (which were few) and his charm when in agreeable surroundings did not sufficiently atone for a cynical and thin-lipped egotism that was evidently constitutional.

Mr. Murdoch's observations are generally sound, though his eagerness occasionally leads him into an indiscretion, as when he writes that "Berlioz was never understood, Liszt was over-understood, Chopin was misunderstood," not one of which three statements is true. The sentence merely looked well. A closer acquaintance with fine poetry would have prevented him from firing off such a dictum as this: "As a rule poets appear to thrive on imaginative sorrows and easily acquired gluts of emotion" by way of comment on Alfred de Musset's distress.

Against such signs of inexperience one can, however, place many sterling qualities.



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*"Chopin: His Life." By William Murdoch (Murray, 16s.).

The Share Bonus Fallacy

(By Our City Editor)

JUDGING by letters to the Press following the announcement of the Austin Motor Company's bonus share issue, it seems that the investing public is at last beginning to realise the "something for nothing" fallacy of this form of distribution which is always popular in "boom" times for industrial shares. Actually the bonus issue is most desirable in the case of the Austin Company which is distributing three new ordinary shares of 5s. each to present holders of the 5s. ordinary shares by capitalisation of reserves to the extent of £450,000, while the cash dividend and bonus total 100 per cent., the same as for the previous year. The effect of the bonus issue will be to restore the issued ordinary share capital to £600,000 and to replace the 15s. per share (nominal) written off each £1 ordinary share under the reconstruction scheme of 1927. As the ordinary capital prior to the new issue is only £150,000 out of a total share and loan capital of £3,350,000, the 300 per cent. capital bonus will help to adjust a somewhat top-heavy capital structure.

But the equity of the business belonging to the ordinary shareholders remains the same, and cash payments of 100 per cent. cannot be expected on four times the previous capital, so that it is not easy to see the justification for putting the shares up from 5½ to 7½. The market's argument is that the shares in their new form (they should be about 35s.), will be a freer market and will come within reach of a greater number of investors. This is true, but it does not increase the intrinsic value of the shares, though the Austin Motor Company's prosperity itself may warrant a higher price in the future.

An Industrial "Boom"

The Austin Company's bonus not only affected Austin shares, but also stimulated the beginnings of a boom in Home Industrials, activity spreading generally after a blaze-up in Motor shares. However profitable industry has been at home during the past year or so, there has been no sign of international improvement, and one cannot help feeling that Industrials as a whole are over-valued at the moment, the reason being that by a large section of the investing public, as well as of the professional element, speculation for capital appreciation is preferred to genuine investment.

For instance, in the Motor section, Rolls-Royce have come up from 44s. last year to 107s. 6d. The company paid 17 per cent. last year and is repeat-

ing the 5 per cent. interim this year. On last year's payment the yield is now little over 3 per cent., and the company is too soundly managed to divide profits up to the hilt. The English Ford Motor Company paid no dividend last year, though it earned over 11 per cent. The shares have risen from 15s. 3d. last year to 42s. 6d. When one notes the number of Ford models on the road, the shares seem the most attractive in the Motor list, but they are a gamble, as no accurate estimate of earnings can be made by the investor. Transatlantic industrials and utilities and American Rails look a better market than for some time past, but Home Industrials seem high enough.

A Fine Recovery

Harrisons and Crosfield are to be congratulated on the further big recovery made in the past year to June 30, net profits at £249,004 being nearly £50,000 up on the previous year's figure. The deferred dividend is doubled at 20 per cent., and the larger amount of £134,556 carried forward. The company has a large Eastern merchanting business and acts as agents for many important rubber, tea and tin companies, having large interests in these. The improvement in the company's investment position is so extensive that there is now an excess in the market value of shareholdings over their balance-sheet figure, and the company has intact the special reserve of £350,000 wisely created against investment depreciation during the depression. Perhaps most satisfactory of all, is the fact that such is the improvement in the company's business and that of its associates that more of the company's resources have been absorbed in active employment, and this accounts for a big decline in the abnormally large holdings of cash and Government securities. The £1 units of deferred stock stand as high as £6 18s. 9d., yielding under 3 per cent., which gives some idea of the market's appreciation of the company's sound position.

E. W. Tarry & Co.

E. W. Tarry and Co., the hardware and machinery merchants, also have to report a big change in fortunes, the company making a net profit of £18,899 against a net loss of £7,675 in the previous year. The loss of £16,190 brought into the accounts is extinguished, and a payment of 1½ per cent. on account of arrears of the 6 per cent. preference dividend is being made, leaving £458 to be carried forward. The company has

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greatly benefited by the better conditions in South Africa following upon the increase in the price of gold. The liquid position is strong, and as increased sales are reported for the first five months of the current year, the company's immediate future seems to be bright.

Shares in the News

SEAGER EVANS, of cocktail fame, made profits of £21,877 last year, against £478 in the previous year, and the company's position has been strengthened by the repayment of a bank overdraft of £52,200. It is proposed to consolidate the shares, which are at present in 25s. form, into £1 shares. At 35s. for the shares in their present form, the future seems to have been largely discounted.

DISTILLERS CO. £1 shares seem due for a rise, especially if the American market strengthens, for they are always a favourite on the other side of the Atlantic. At 89s. the yield is almost 4½ per cent., which makes Distillers look cheap against other industrial favourites.

HENRY BUCKNALL & SONS, the cork manufacturers, have cleared off their preference arrears, and are now able to pay an ordinary dividend of 5 per cent. The £1 shares have recovered to 15s., at which the yield is still 6½ per cent..

HERRBURGER BROOKS, the piano action makers, are paying 7 per cent. against 5 per cent. in the previous year, profits at £22,000 being nearly £2,000 up. The shares at 24s. return £5 16s. 8d. per cent., and look quite attractive to hold for a year or two.

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY'S report showed, as expected, a very strong investment position, and the 20 per cent. dividend takes only £790,000 of the total profits of £1,347,576. The yield on "Johnnies" at 65s. is over £6 3s. per cent., a better return than can be obtained on many of the mines themselves.

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BROADCASTING

THE WORLD'S WORST MUSIC

By Alan Howland

THE B.B.C. has spent so much of its time during the current year in dropping large and beautifully finished bricks—a habit to which I have felt myself bound to call attention as frequently as possible—that a considerable period seems to have elapsed since I said anything about the programmes themselves. Like most other people of normal intelligence I hate a vacuum. Let us then consider some of the programmes which the B.B.C. considers fit for our consumption.

Leaving aside the Talks, which the B.B.C. informs me are to be bigger, brighter, longer louder and more frequent during the coming winter of our discontent, I find myself regaled during the morning and afternoon with a succession of orchestras, punctuated with performances on the so-called cinema-organ and tastefully garnished with sopranos, tenors, basses, contraltos and second-rate violinists.

I have heard so-called performances of such well-known selections as "Merrie England"—to mention but one of many—in which the tempo was hopelessly wrong, the intonation execrable and the pointing completely non-existent.

Next to these home products come the instrumental combinations—I refuse to call them orchestras—relayed from the various eating houses and cinemas in London and the provinces. If possible these are worse, for not only are they incompetent and unmusical, but they have to contend with the various sounds which are inseparable from gobbling and washing-up, or with the indiscriminate applause an audience which has achieved a pre-midday one-and-sixpenny seat feels bound to accord to the proud leader of the local orchestra. In either case the resulting noise is abominable, albeit in some cases faintly pathetic.

And what shall I say of cinema-organs, those instruments of torture of which the Spanish Inquisition might have been proud? It is difficult for one who believes the Church-organ to be one of the most perfect musical instruments invented by man, to speak in measured terms of these ghastly monstrosities. They whine, they wail, they dribble, they shriek, they tremble and their operators have not the slightest compunction in murdering all the tunes which one holds sacred. The pundits at Broadcasting House connive at this massacre of holy things. They even encourage it.

It will be said, of course, that these fifth-rate programmes exist merely because the public wants them. They are popular, we are told—why, we even had twenty appreciative letters about a recent broadcast from the Hotel Hopeless. Undoubtedly the public does want light music of one sort and another, but the public is entitled to have its light music decently performed and not churned out on the cheap.

CINEMA

"Treasure Island" Kidnapped by America

By Mark Forrest

IT is a thousand pities that no British company had the enterprise to make a film of *Treasure Island*. Here, one would have thought, is a novel which cries aloud for English atmosphere and English actors. Yet it is left to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to put this classic story on the screen for British audiences. Not that it has been badly done as a film; it has not. The story flows quite evenly and is mercifully free from transpontine tricks and exaggerations. Even the dialogue has been treated with a certain amount of respect. The fact remains that it simply is not "Treasure Island."

There was something incongruous, too, in hearing a London audience applaud patriotic sentiments about the Union Jack expressed with the accent of the Stars and Stripes. I can quite imagine people more squeamish than myself feeling a little uncomfortable when they heard the familiar strains of "Rule Britannia" played, with variations, by a dance orchestra. It is possibly very insular to be affected by such trifles, if trifles they be, but there is something vaguely disturbing in watching people simulate a patriotism they do not feel in a language so very like our own and at the same time so very different.

With the production there is but little to find fault. Hunt Stromberg and Victor Fleming carried out their difficult task exceedingly well. Perhaps the brigands at "The Admiral Benbow" were slightly reminiscent of musical comedy, perhaps it was a little difficult to believe in their blood-thirstiness, perhaps one had a quite unjustifiable feeling that their muskets were loaded with blank cartridges and that their oaths—strictly polite oaths—had not that bloom or that bouquet which one expects from villains who swash a pretty buckle; nevertheless there was a kind of momentum about the thing which carried one over the awkward places and left one, if not completely satisfied, at least fairly content.

Jackie Cooper Miscast

The acting was definitely uneven. Of course the familiar combination of Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper is sufficient to ensure the success of any film, but I must confess to a feeling of frustration in that the parts of Long John Silver and Jim Hawkins were not entrusted to British actors. Not that Wallace Beery fell one jot below his own high standard. On the contrary he gives an exceptionally fine performance. From the moment of his first meeting with Squire Trelawney to his last parting with Jim he is the ruthless, lying, lovable pirate one has always imagined Silver to be. In fact, by his sheer artistry he almost convinced one that his home port was Bristol and not Boston.

It would be pleasant to be able to say the same of

Jackie Cooper, but honesty forbids. Truth to tell, he was the Jackie Cooper of *The Champ*. To hear him say "Upon my soul" in what was supposed to be an English accent and intonation was to experience that uncomfortable feeling at the base of the spine with which all film-goers are familiar. Jim Hawkins in his hands, instead of being heroic, was an intolerable little nuisance who was lucky not to have his neck wrung very early in the proceedings. This boy is a clever little actor and should not be exploited in parts which are out of his range.

For the rest, Otto Kruger as Doctor Livesey and Lewis Stone as Captain Smollett were extremely competent, Nigel Bruce devastatingly English as Squire Trelawney and "Chic" Sale overdid every gesture, intonation and movement as Ben Gunn. This latter was truly a horrific performance. In spite of all this, *Treasure Island* will run for months. I took two small boys with me, and they ought to know.

A Real Thriller

Dr. Mabuse, at the Academy, is a very different proposition. Here is a thriller which, in its genre, comes as near perfection as one could wish. True it relies to a certain extent on the old silent film technique of "cutting back" to incidents in the past in order to explain the story, but the central theme never loses its way and the story gathers momentum until, the climax reached, it ends at a slower tempo and in a minor key.

Briefly the story is of a man, Dr. Mabuse, whose brain, is delicately poised between genius and insanity. Eventually he finds himself a hopeless, incurable lunatic in the mental asylum run by one Dr. Baum. Mabuse, in his comparatively lucid intervals, writes reams of manuscript in which he describes in detail the method by which crime on a big scale can be carried out successfully. At the same time he hypnotises Dr. Baum who unwittingly puts the schemes into practice and finds himself at the head of a huge criminal organisation. Mabuse dies, but he leaves behind him a manuscript containing detailed instructions for the demolition of all public works. At the same time, his spirit enters the body of Dr. Baum, who proceeds, now quite consciously, to carry out the plans of his former patient. Meanwhile, the Chief of Police—Karl Lohmann—has been investigating these mysterious crimes and by a series of perfectly logical deductions, aided by a modicum of luck, traces them first to the deceased Dr. Mabuse and finally to the impeccable Dr. Baum. The climax should be seen at the Academy Cinema and not taken second hand for me.

